THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1055

FEBRUARY 20, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

RIVIERA GOLF CLUBS: No. III.—THE MYSTERY CLUB

By Appointment to H M King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST EXTRA QUALITY
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
EXTRA DRY

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

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DRI-PED
THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES
GUARANTEED DOUBLE-WEAR BOOTS & SHOES
Insist also on having 'DRI-PED' REPAIRS.
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CAUTION: All genuine 'Dri-ped' soled footwear bears the 'Dri-ped' purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. There is NO unstamped 'Dri-ped.'
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The Super Leather for Soles

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EXCELLENT CUISINE.
Self-contained Suites.
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AT
MODERATE PRICES

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JUMPER

Stockinette Jumper (as sketch) made exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove from a beautiful quality fine woollen stockinette, embroidered in bright contrasting colours. The pocket is unique and has a handkerchief to tone. In a range of beautiful colours.

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Also stocked in Brown Willow Calf, Nigger, Grey, and White Suede. Price **55/-**

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Price ***8/11*** *per pair.*

Pure Silk Hose, *strengthened lisle feet and tops, perfect and guaranteed wear. In Black, White, Suède, Silver, Beige, Camel, Pongee.*

Price ***6/11*** *per pair.*

Sea Island Cotton Hose *open lace clox, fine and extremely comfortable in wear. In Black, White, Stone, Nude, Camel, Dark Camel, or Grey.*

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Super Quality Lisle Hose *with spun silk check in contrasting colour, smart and equally suitable for town or country. In Nigger/Putty, Covert/Dark Brown, Beige/Putty, Camel/Tan or Castor/Putty.*

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16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
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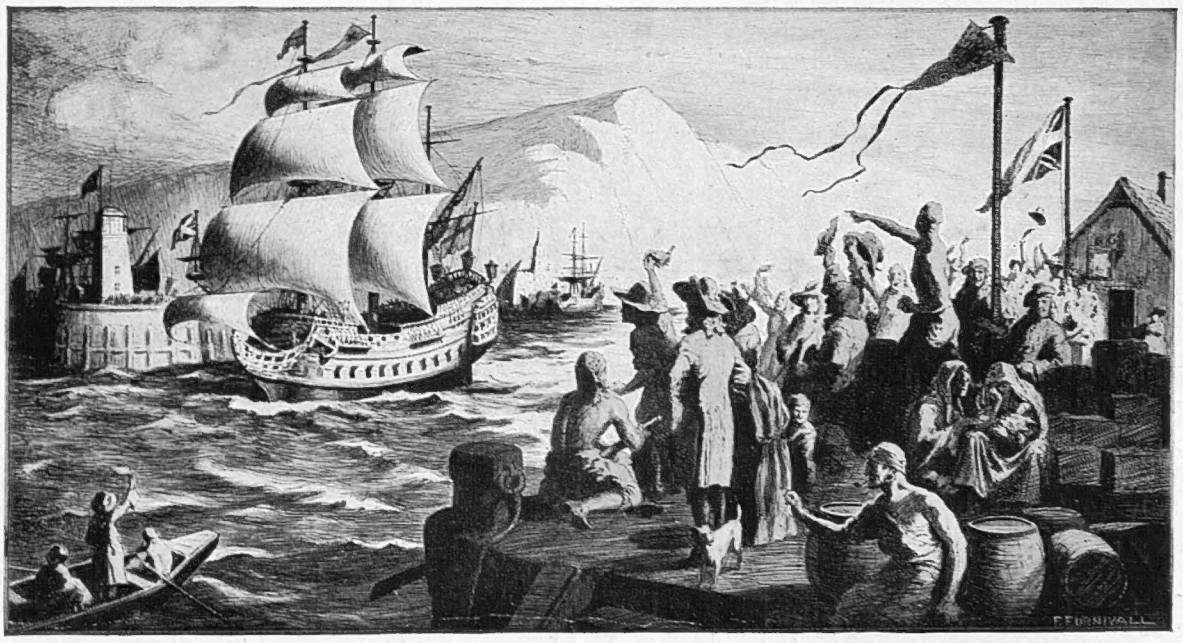
A New Jumper

In Stockinette

This charming model, admired everywhere for its grace of line and fine workmanship, is typical of the new Spring Displays now to be found at Harrods. Come along and see them.

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



The expedition that left Broomielaw in the 17th Century for the purpose of founding a trading colony on the Isthmus of Darien was doomed to disappointment. The ill-fated members might have found some solace for their misfortunes had they been able to share, as smokers can to-day, that incomparable pipe tobacco—"SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE"

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SECURE the fullest footwear satisfaction obtainable by insisting on having boots and shoes soled with the world's best sole leather—'Dri-ped.'

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DRI-PED REG° The Super Leather for Soles.

Always insist on having guaranteed double-wear Dri-ped repairs.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART JUMPER BLOUSES FOR PRESENT WEAR

***New Jumper Blouse** in printed marocain and heavy weight crepe de Chine. The fullness at sides is cleverly arranged to give slimness on hips. In all the newest colour combinations.*

Price 49/6

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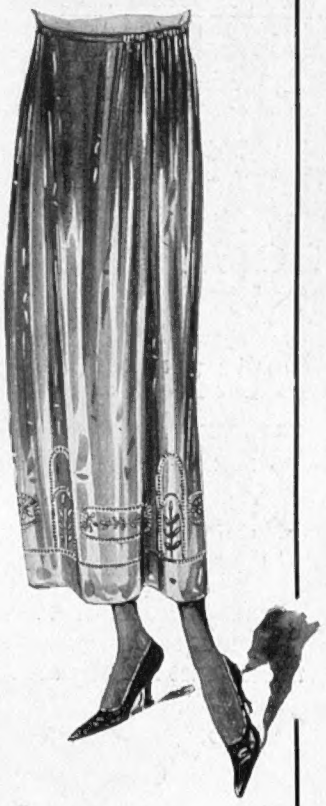

Useful Petticoat (as sketch) made in super quality Milanese, excellent for wear. Trimmed embroidery and hemstitched hem. Colours: Black, White, and large range of colours.

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Can also be had in O.S.
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DOREEN

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A smart Fleece Wrap Coat, perfectly cut, and of ample yet straight lines. The comfortable loose sleeve gives distinction, also the full gathered collar, which has a good finish in the long roll front, ending with a large button to fasten. In Fawn, Grey, Beaver, Tan, Black, and White. **72/-**

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SMART COAT (as sketch) for little girl in good quality Navy/White, twill suiting, lined silk and trimmed rows of fine ivory Russia braid, collar in ivory poult silk.

	PRICE
In size for 2 years ..	£6 16 6
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HAT in navy taffeta silk to match, **59/6**

This model can be copied to order in other materials.

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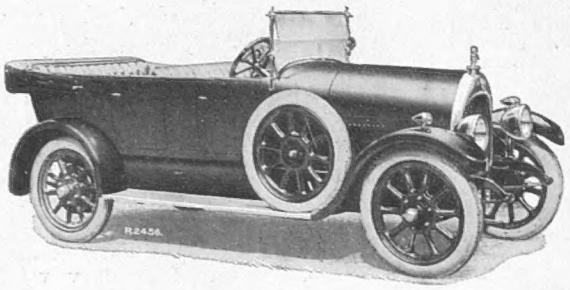

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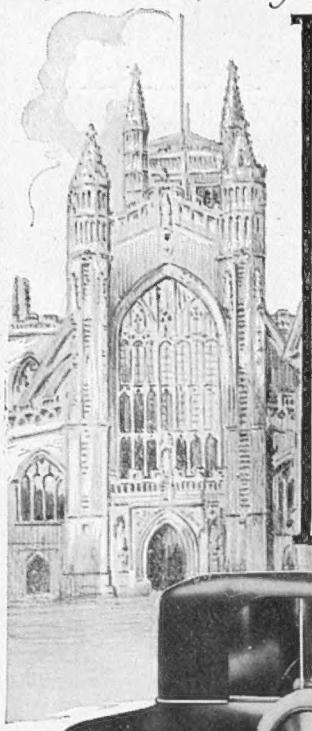

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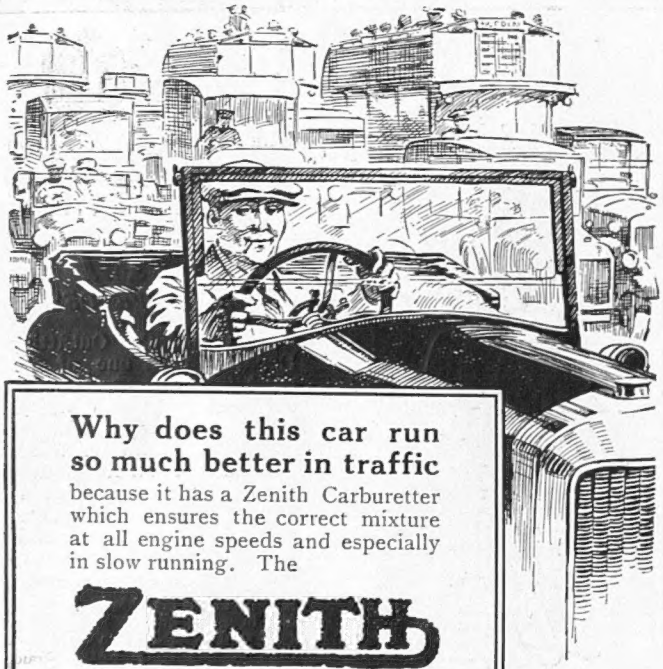

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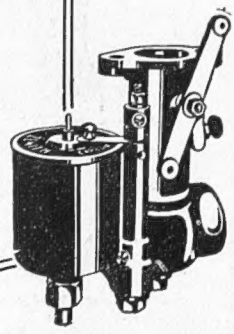

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WORLD RENOWNED

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In Heavy Cotton: 20 x 30 ins. **1/9** each

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7/6, 10/6, 12/- per half-dozen

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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Tea Gown *in rich quality satin reine, the becoming cross-over bodice is arranged into a graceful swathed waistline and finished with a handsome flower ornament at side, the draped skirt has a long end of self material which falls from the waist at the back of the gown. In Black and a good range of colours.*

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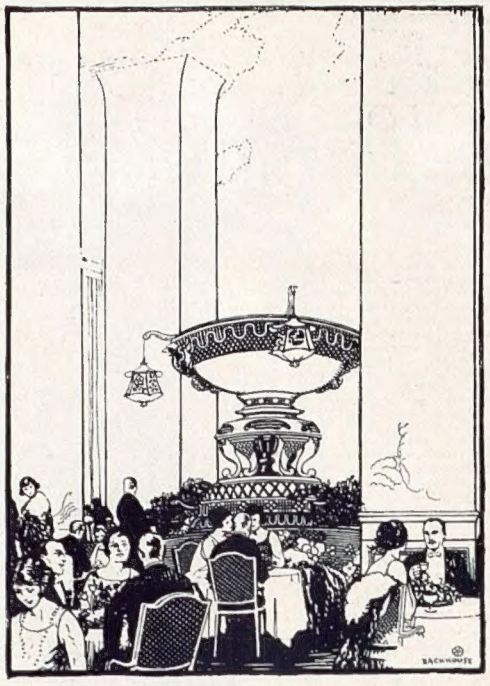

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The Bystander, February 20, 1924 No. 1055. Vol. LXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

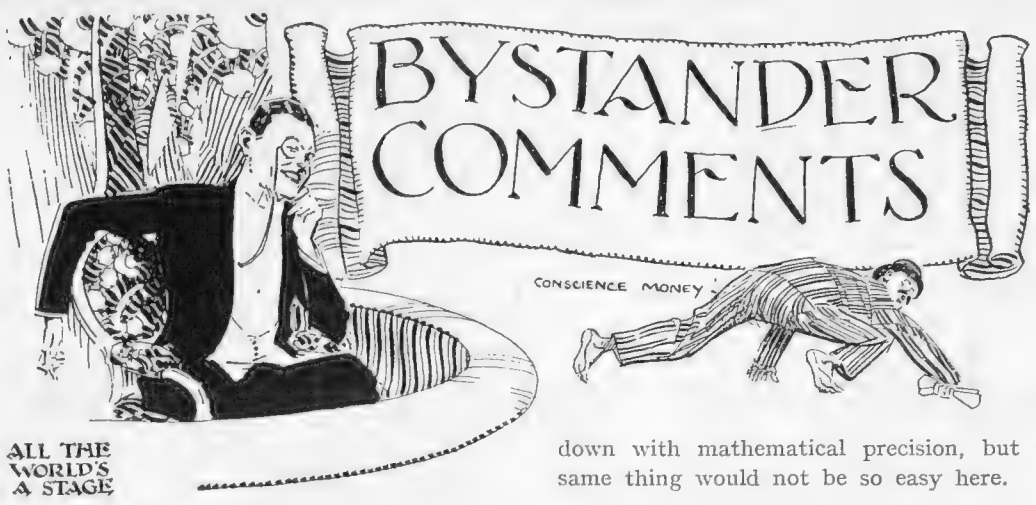
Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

THE HON. MARGARET THESIGER

The youngest daughter of Viscount Chelmsford, the present First Lord of the Admiralty. Her mother is the eldest sister of Lord Wimborne and will probably be the principal hostess of the Labour Party

Some More Dark Doings by D'Egville—

—And a Few "Signs" of the Times in Switzerland



Conscience Money

WHO is the mysterious person who acts as Press agent for the Inland Revenue Department? Every now and again we read accounts of sums being sent secretly to the Treasury as conscience money by people who have dodged payment of their just debts to the State. The subject is worthy of illustration—the conscience-stricken defaulter waking up in the dead of night, and waiting for the office to open in order that he may place a wad of five-pound notes in the hands of the senior official.

A Word for Scotland

THERE has, just recently, been a seasonable return to the topic on the part of the daily papers. We are told that most of the letters come from Southern England, and this poignant passage follows: "Very few of the letters come from Scotland, and this is taken to imply that conscience becomes hardier the farther north it is located." Might it not be taken to imply that dwellers in the South persistently cheat the income-tax collector, and that the conscience of the honest Scot is clear?

Taking Taxis to Task

MY sympathies and best wishes are with the new Controller of London Traffic, particularly when he comes to deal with the strings of taxis that bring pleasure seekers to the West End theatres. It is so easy to quote the procedure in force in New York, where the one-way traffic scheme has solved most of their problems. New York is a city of squares and right angles. You can pass out of Broadway and return to it three blocks lower down with mathematical precision, but the same thing would not be so easy here.

Objectionable Types

BUT Mr. Bassom would do well to concentrate for a start on taxi drivers of two classes. He might suggest to the first class that it is not a bad idea to avoid such well-known traffic jams as do not necessarily fall into their line of route, and he might make "crawling for fares" a punishable obstruction. Remove these two objectionable types and much of the trouble would disappear.

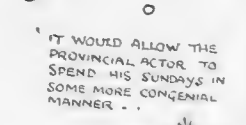
Stock Companies

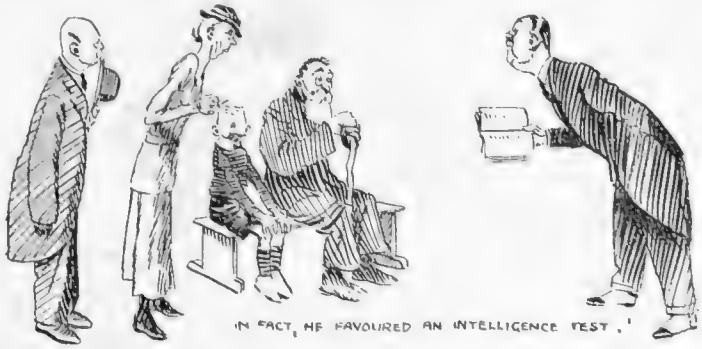
GLAD to see that a definite move is on foot to revive the old stock company of our youth. The present system of carting crowds of actors and scenery up and down the country is hopelessly uneconomic. How much better to keep each company in their own town and change the play from week to week. The stock company failed to attract because they appeared in stock plays, but the trouble could be got over by withholding provincial rights in London successes from any one man, and letting them be applied for at a central bureau, exactly as amateurs do to-day.

General Advantage

THIS would be to the advantage of the provincial manager who would not find himself saddled with a failure for a period of three months. It would be to the advantage of the local playgoer who would see better plays that might not be commercial propositions from a touring point of view, and it would allow the provincial actor to have a home of his own and to spend his Sundays in some more congenial manner than walking up and down a wayside railway platform.

(Continued on page 409)





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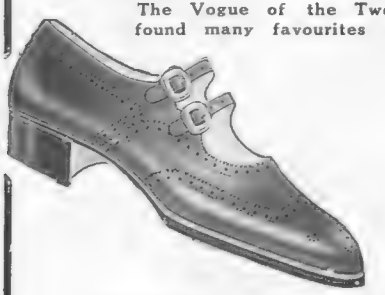

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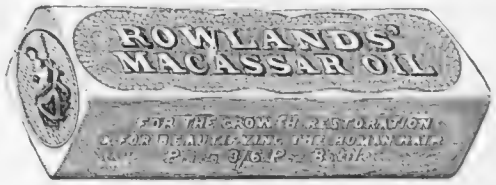

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

An Artist in the Wilds

FROM distant Australia comes a copy of a Sydney paper in which I have chanced upon a photograph of an official artist surrounded by natives of the "mandated territory," while painting pictures for the Commonwealth War Museum of the occupation by Australian forces of New Guinea. Under the white sun hat, I recognise the features of Charles Bryant, R.O.I., a popular member of the Chelsea Arts Club, and better known to the dancing set as the wearer of a strange fancy dress—the man with two faces—frequently seen at Covent Garden and the Albert Hall.

Ian Hay

THE author of *The First Hundred Thousand* and part-author, with Seymour Hicks, of *Good Luck*, the Drury Lane drama, has been talking to the American interviewers. He is described as a "tall, slender Englishman with serious eyes, sensitive mouth and an understanding smile." When he spoke, he "shook a carefully-groomed head," and proved that he possessed "ready wit, warm humanity and an inexhaustible fund of information on things worth while."

An Intelligence Test

AND what the author of *The First Hundred Thousand* had to say on home politics makes interesting reading. He expressed the belief that the ballot should be given into such hands as could use it intelligently, regardless of sex. In fact, he favoured an intelligence test to establish voting citizenship. "Instead of handing the votes out as if they were so much paper, scattering them broadcast, let them be the reward of ability. We will come to it sooner or later."

A Pretty Picture

MYSELF, I like the idea, and so, I feel sure, will the artist who illustrates these random remarks of mine. I can see him turning out a little sketch of a political pedagogue putting a class of would-be voters through their paces. A horny-handed son of toil sits beside a juvenile wearer of the strawberry leaves, while a spinster of doubtful age endeavours to answer questions on the up-bringing of children. It makes a pretty picture, and if my artist collaborator doesn't make something out of it, he isn't half the man I take him for.

A Democratic Institution

I WONDER if we may hope that under a Labour Government the telephone will become a truly democratic institution. To consider it as a luxury is ridiculous—it should be as universal as an electric bell or a letter-box. The exchange should call as regularly as the gas inspector or the dustman. The idea of a home without a telephone should provide material for music-hall jests. No new building should be passed for occupation by the Borough Surveyor until the telephone had been connected up. Life without the telephone should be impossible.

Pioneers Indeed

WHEN the new Postmaster-General starts to get a move on, he might do better than consider the very forward methods adopted by the British Broadcasting Company. I have been meeting recently quite a number of interesting people behind the scenes at the B.B.C.—eager young men whose difficult task it has been to produce order out of chaos, and quite a lot of things out of nothing at all. In these days, one rarely meets a real pioneer face to face. Most of those blank spaces have been removed from the map of Africa; the most distant oceans have been charted to the last ripple, and we shall soon have a Lyons' Corner House at either Pole. But there remained the air, and these young men of the B.B.C. are proving themselves pioneers indeed.

"Broadcasting from Within"

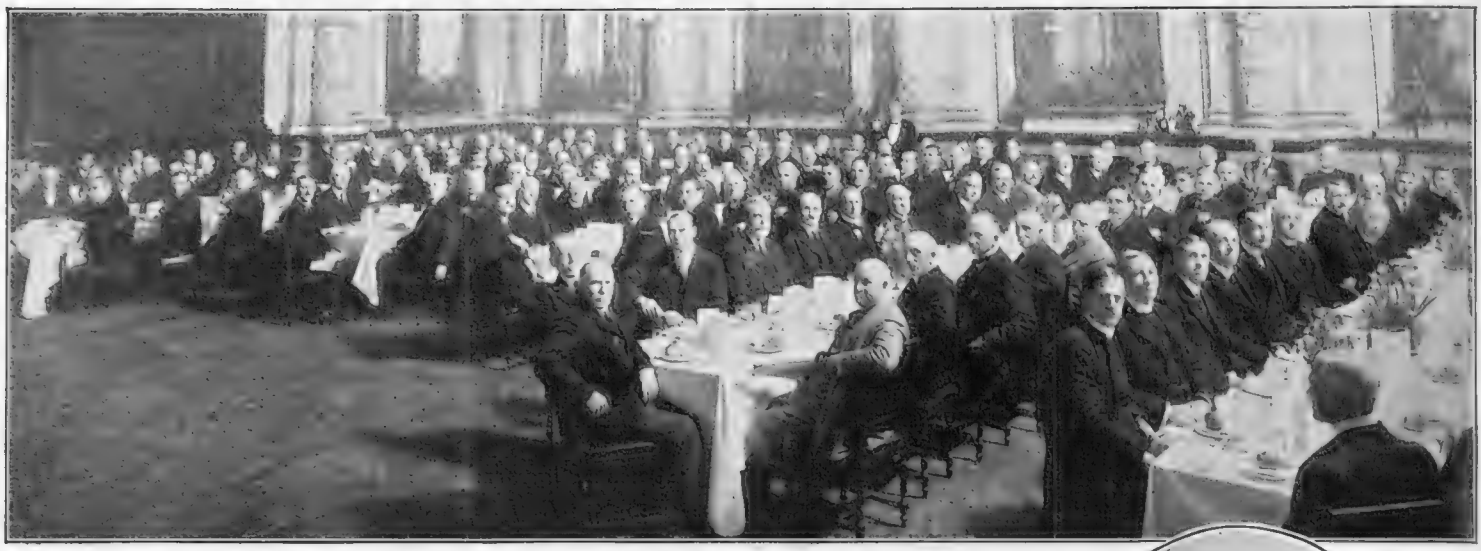
CAPTAIN C. A. LEWIS, who organises the programmes to which we "listen in" nightly, has just written a book telling us how it has been done—or rather, how it is being done, for this pioneer work is far from being finished. The most dramatic chapter of *Broadcasting from Within* describes how the pioneers awaited the result of their first big experiment—the broadcasting of Opera from Covent Garden. A loud-speaker stood ready, and as, with a loud click, it was suddenly thrown into circuit, a confused babel of noise was let loose.

A Dramatic Incident

"AT first indistinguishable it soon became apparent that we were hearing the talk and rustle of programmes in the auditorium. Finally, there was a burst of clapping, which died down to dead silence, and was followed by two sharp raps; a second later the huge orchestra had leapt into its stride, swelled up to a great crash of brass and cymbals, which could be heard all down the corridor at Marconi House." . . . That, to my mind, is a bit of writing that is likely to become historic, as marking an epoch in the domestic history of our times.

POLITICAL POKER—THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" By BLAM

"AH SQUITH" was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile, it was pensive and childlike,
As he thought on the Bills that were nigh.—(BRET HARTE *adapted*)



Photograph "HEADS" AND TALES [*Swaine*

Some of the guests at the recent luncheon held at the Hotel Cecil to celebrate the jubilee of the famous firm of scholastic agents, Messrs. Gabbitas, Thring and Co. The party, which included nearly all the "heads" of the big public schools and others connected with, and interested in, the scholastic profession, was not conspicuous for any "classical" severity in the speeches

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Parties Political

THE meeting of Parliament last week was an event of double historic interest. It gave us the spectacle of a Labour Prime Minister and a Labour Cabinet taking their places on the Government benches, and the beginning of the country being governed by a party which represents only a minority of the people! The event was preceded by a burst of political entertaining.

Lady Londonderry gave a great party at Londonderry House for the Unionists; Lady Grey of Falloden entertained the Liberals in Catherine Street; and Mrs. Noel Buxton dispensed tea, lemonade and smiles to the Labour Party at the Hyde Park Hotel. The Londonderry party was a full-dress affair, all the ladies in their best tiaras and the men smothered with decorations. At Lady Grey's dress was more restrained, and at Mrs. Noel Buxton's morning dress was the order. Report has it that one man and one woman, both in evening dress, looked like spirits who had wandered in from another world.

For nearly an hour and a half at Londonderry House, Lady Londonderry—a dazzling vision in the great Londonderry crown and long diamond earrings—and Mr. Baldwin stood at the top of the beautiful staircase shaking hands. Someone said there were seventeen hundred guests. I can well imagine it, for before eleven o'clock the big ballroom and the long suite of rooms opening out of it on the first floor were practically impassable, the cloakroom accommodation had been swamped, hats, coats and cloaks being arranged along the walls of both the inner and outer halls; and there was still a steady stream of folk arriving.

I do not remember ever having seen Ambassadors at a political party before, but both the Spanish and Italian Ambassadors were at Lady Londonderry's, and the American Ambassador went to Lady Grey's. No Ambassadors or Ministers Plenipotentiary partook of the tea and lemonade of the Labour Party gathering!

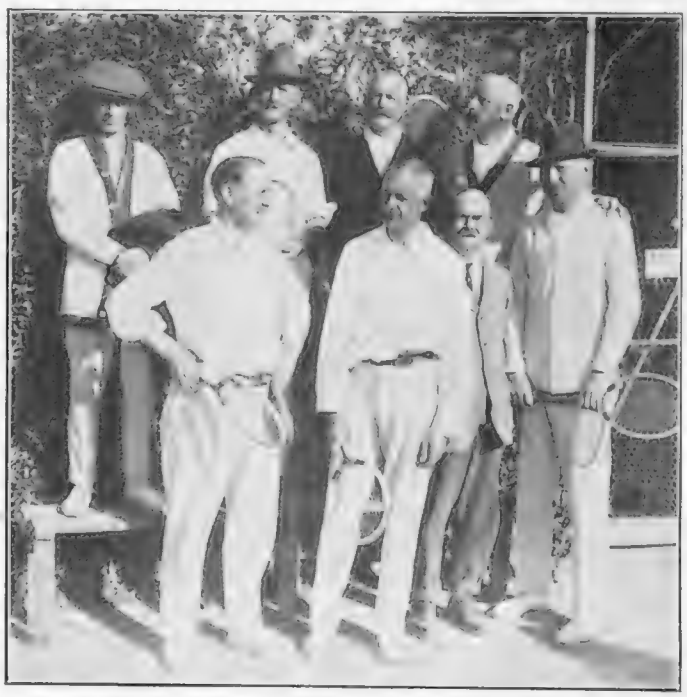
But, looking at this matter of dress dispassionately, will the Labour ladies, I wonder, go on being pleased and flattered by these arrangements and ordinances made especially for them? Won't they soon begin to fret, and ask why these differences are made?

It's just a little idea of my own, based on the eternal fact that woman is always woman. Do clever women like Mrs. Noel Buxton, Mrs. Sidney Webb and Lady Chelmsford, imagine that any woman whose husband has risen to Cabinet, Government, and Parliamentary rank will go on for always being content with "afternoon dress" for evening functions? They may know more about it than I do, but as a mere male I should say there comes a moment in every woman's life when she prefers the *décolletage* of evening dress to the camouflage of an antimacassar spread over her best Sunday-go-to-meeting frock.

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

A POLO INTERLUDE

The Hon. Mr and Mrs. John Dewar caught during a lull in the polo at the Mandelieu ground. It will be noticed that the bandanna handkerchief is still basking in the sunshine of feminine popularity



Photograph STILL GOING STRONG *Marcel Le Noir*

A group of competitors for the Veterans' Cup, which is played for annually in the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament. The group shows (back row): Captain Holt (left), winner, Major Cliffe Vigors, Dr. Warden (donor of the Cup) and Mr. Lamplough. Front row: Colonel Killery (left), Mr. Crewe Wood, Mr. Keays and General Sir George Stanistreet

The Queen's Dolls' House

I DON'T think any other Sovereign has received such an expression of devotion from artists, writers, architects, craftsmen and craftswomen of all

kinds as is represented by the Dolls' House which is now completed and has been given to Queen Mary.

From the photographs in THE BYSTANDER last week you saw the charming exterior with the garden in front. The interior is amazing—that is the only word to describe the perfection of its detail. It is just as if a magician had waved his wand and a modern palace had shrunk and shrunk until its every foot was represented by an inch—that is the scale of this wonder-house to an actual building.

When you look into the perfectly arranged rooms, complete even to boxes of matches, ash-trays and pincushions, you feel exactly as Gulliver must have felt when he found himself in Lilliput. There are electric bell-pushes in all the rooms—and they work. Electric light, a lift, a gramophone about the size of a matchbox which plays specially-made records, a sewing machine in the linen room, and stacks of household linen in the cupboards of that room. In the nursery are a multitude of toys, amongst them a little theatre with a drop curtain which rolls up and down.

The Tribute of Authors

THE carpets, the brocades on the walls of the King and Queen's bedrooms have all been specially woven, likewise the miscroscopic sheets and blankets on all the beds. The cellar is stocked with wine, a list of which is set out in the cellar-book in the King's library.

The library holds the tribute of our leading authors to the Queen. Nearly two hundred volumes, exquisitely bound, contain original stories and poems written by the authors themselves. Mr. Thomas Hardy's handwriting would not go happily into so small a compass, so his contribution was engrossed for him, and he has signed it. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has interspersed sketches amongst his poems. The copyright of all these little books belongs to the Queen, a possession no English Sovereign has ever held before.

In the King's writing-table in the library is a cheque-book, on the table lies a fountain-pen and a Bradshaw—all Lilliput of Lilliput. And on a special table are replicas of the despatch-boxes which go between Buckingham Palace and the Ministries. In the garage are minute copies of the Royal cars, lawn-mower, fire-engine, motor-cycle and perambulators.

This house in little is one of the most wonderful things I have ever seen. Princess Marie Louise has been its chief inspirer and has superintended the work and arrangement during the two years it has taken to complete. After the house has been shown in aid of charities at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, where it will have a special pavilion to itself, this tribute to the Queen will be kept at Windsor, a heritage for future generations, who from its perfection of detail will be able to see how the second period Georgians lived and had their being.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

The new Governor-General of South Africa, the Earl of Athlone, with Princess Alice and their children, Viscount Trematon and Lady May Cambridge. The photograph was taken at the official residence of the Governor-General in Government Avenue, Cape Town

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

UNDER THE ARCH OF SWORDS

Lieutenant J. A. Bickford-Smith, R.N., leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, formerly Miss Joan Simon, the younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Simon

Photograph *Topical*

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

A group of passengers on the R.M.S.P. Orbita, photographed during a three weeks' cruise of the Mediterranean. Standing: Sir Samuel Instone (left), Col. Woodcock, Mr. H. T. Bailey, Mr. F. Hall, Mr. H. R. W. Bamberger, Sir F. Hall, Sir H. Gastrell and Mr. R. Waycott. Centre row: Miss Hall (left), Mrs. Bamberger, Lady Hall, Lady Instone and Mrs. Waycott. In front: Miss Waycott (left), Miss Jeavars, Mrs. Hewetson and Miss Allan

Does Socialism Begin at Home?

THE chiefs of the Labour Party, by the grace of Evelyn, Countess of Warwick, we know, have the run of Easton Lodge for rest and relaxation o' week ends. But now that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has the use of Chequers will he keep that beautiful place solely for his own use or share it with the Ministers of his Cabinet?

Socialism, I believe, is based, breathes and lives on the conviction that what is your next door neighbour's is yours, and what is yours is his. At least, this is so on paper,

and in innumerable speeches from earnest people who deprive the barbers of their livelihood.

So, theoretically, Chequers should be a "home from home" for all and sundry of the Labour Government. Only there is this difficulty. The Prime Minister is allowed £15 for every week-end he spends at Chequers out of the Trust Fund created by Lord Lee of Fareham. If he lends Chequers to other Ministers they will have to pay for their own board. If he is there himself will he care about paying for their food out of the £15?

A bristly point, this! Fifteen pounds doesn't go very far with a houseful of guests from Saturday to Monday. But, as we were taught at school, *palmam qui meruit ferat.*

The Fashion in Dance Clubs

As your BYSTANDER predicted some time ago, the advent of the Labour Government has not made any violent differences in the scheme of things. One dines and wines and dances, though in this connection it is perhaps significant that the more *intime* dance-clubs are finding favour with many people. In the delightful lemon-coloured ball-room of the Regent's Park Country Club the other night, I noticed the Marchioness of Milford Haven (in London for the happy Mountbatten event) and her brother, Count Torby, Prince George of Russia, the Countess Kimberley, Lord and Lady Churston, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bethell, Sir Walter Gibbons, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibour, and General Festing. Senorita Odilia de Ortuza, a co-director of the Club with Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia, was entertaining a large party.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD'S DAUGHTERS

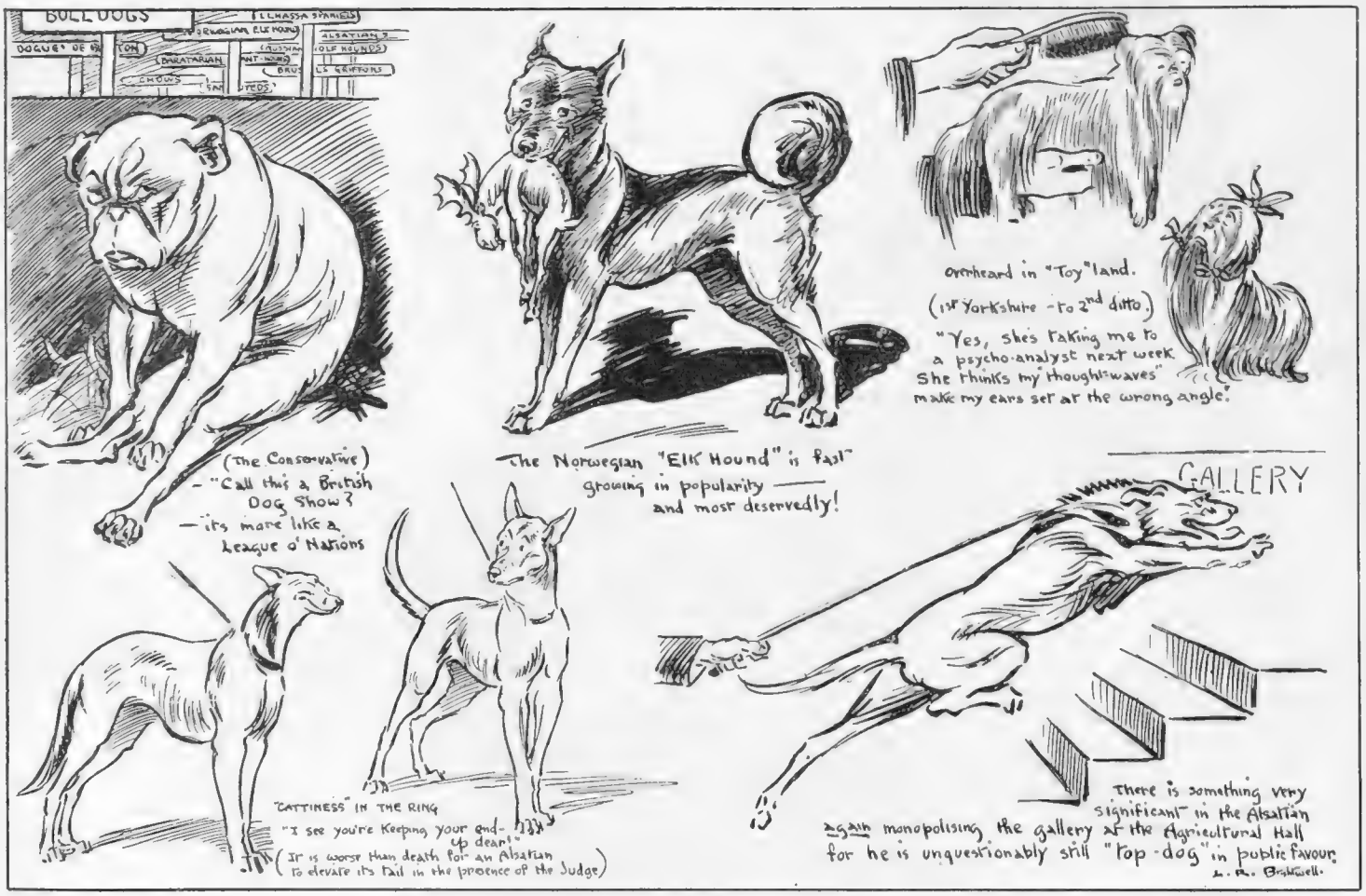
The Misses Liberty (left), Miriam and 'Nica Rothschild, daughters of the late Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rothschild, photographed at Tring Park

"Struck Lucky"

We have not heard much of the Duke of Manchester these last few years. He has been prospecting for gold in Canada, and has "struck lucky." So much so that it is said he is anxious to buy the house in Grosvenor Square where his mother, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, cut so great a figure in London.

The Duke of Manchester is the grandson of that famous lady, Louise, double Duchess of Manchester and Devonshire, who was the last of the great dames who ruled Society. His mother was an American, whose father, Senor Yznaga, had a domicile both in Louisiana and in Cuba. He himself married an American, the daughter of the late Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. They have two sons, the elder of whom, Lord Mandeville—a name very widely known when it was held by the Duke's father—is in the Navy, and two daughters.

The Duchess of Manchester is very seldom seen in society. She lives at Tandagaree Castle, in Armagh. Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Gosford and the Countess of Derby are the Duke's aunts, and he has one uncle, Lord Charles Montagu, a partner in a firm of stockbrokers.



SOME CRUFT-Y COMMENTS—SNARLY AND OTHERWISE

By L. R. Brightwell

Sketches of a few of the six thousand odd prominent persons whom our artist interviewed at Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week. Some of their remarks to him are given here—others, we gather, were unprintable. But one and all agreed that it was a "good show." It is obvious this year that on the "benches" the Alsatian still leads by a neck—and a pretty long one, too!

The Riviera Week by Week

THERE is a lot of good golf at Mont Agel just now, and the pros., Arthur Grant, Willie Armour, and Norman Hunter, are in fine form. Norman Grant is back for a holiday from Buenos Ayres, where he has flourished exceedingly after his lean years in the War. Major Clark and Colonel Foley had 7 threes, including the 13th and 14th holes, the other day in a match against Colonel Birch and Arthur Grant. Fulford from Le Touquet—one of the best writers on the game—has been here playing with Prince Pierre of Monaco, and Louis Ghintran of Compiegne has been having a holiday on the links also. The Hon. Denys Scott, M. Vagliano, Mr. A. C. Croome and many others have been playing in the weekly competitions, while Prince Buhaneddin—son of the ex-Sultan of Turkey—has also been playing.

GOLFING mountaineers at Monte Carlo must remember two things. First: do not be deterred by a black pall of clouds

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT MONTE CARLO

Lady Kilmarnock and her daughter, the Hon. Rosemary Hay, outside the Hotel de Paris

as seen from below. On the golf plateau you are almost always above these mists, which are snow-white from above, and provide indescribably fine colour effects through the rifts. Even the other day a crowd came up by train to La Turbie and then descended again—frightened by some loud-voiced pessimist pointing out a few early morning wisps of mist, and missed the finest day of the season. Second: remember that you will be 3,000 feet up near the confines of perpetual snow, and that the air may be very cold if there is wind or if the sun disappears; *and dress accordingly.*

DOCTOR PRYCE MITCHELL—the *doyen* of the British Colony at Monte—and Mrs. Mitchell received between three and four hundred friends at tea at the Hôtel de Paris on February 2. The famous Salle Empire was looking its best, and Mlle. Juiette Thévenet played the harp delightfully, and Mr. Wryland Echols—the young American singer whose voice has been so much admired at Mr. O'Hagan's Sunday "at homes"—sang a number of songs by Greig, Lalo, Easthope Martin, etc. It was the biggest tea of the season so far. Dr. Pryce Mitchell and his wife are much loved here. They have never spared themselves, during thirty-six years' residence, where charity and the interests of the colony were concerned. Among a number of American guests, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Warden, Mrs. Morse and her son, Mr. Tyler Morse, Mrs. Griswold Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Florence Fox, Mrs. Burgard, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, and Lord Arthur Butler and his bride.

BORDIGHERA, after much premature advertisement, at last opened its nine-hole course on February 1. The President is Mr. C. Hanbury and the Secretary Major F. J. Brett, and the pro. is R. H. Jolly. Only 200 lire for the season, 150 two months, 100 one month, 50 a week and 10 a day. On the committee are Sir G. Forbes, Mr. Hutchison, Colonel Brasier Creagh, Dr. Farquharson, Mr. C. Woodhouse and Mr. R. Richardson. The course was laid out by Major C. K. Hutchison on the Nervia, ten minutes off by tramway.

AT San Remo a wave of gaiety has arrived with the renewal of the gambling license at the casino. In one week there were five children's balls, of which the fancy dress dance at the popular Hotel Belvedere was specially charming. The open tennis meeting was a great success, and new tennis clubs and tea-rooms and other delights have been multiplying. Tom Fernie's eldest son has been laying a miniature golf course for Cavaliera Rivizza at the Anglais.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

The Duke of Connaught and his son, Prince Arthur of Connaught, at Nice. Prince Arthur broke his journey home from South Africa to visit his father at his villa

THE BYSTANDER prizes were competed for at Nice on February 8th. Further prizes will be competed for at Monte Carlo on February 21, at Valescure on March 18, at Hyères on February 19, at Costebelle February 26. At Hyères, where there are now one or two competitions a week, THE BYSTANDER prizes are bronze clocks with thermometer and calendar attached. There is congestion there, and short-term members are refused, while Costebelle, close by, has more golfers than ever before. THE BYSTANDER Costebelle prizes are a silver flask and a lady's crocodile leather bag. J. G. H.

FOUR RIVIERA PERSONALITIES

Sir Walter de Frece (left), Mrs. and Mr. Solly Joel, and Lady de Frece on the Terrace at Monte, just before Lady de Frece's recent illness. It is pleasant to record that she is now much better

On the Carpet.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

THE NEXT STRIKE.

Heading by ALFRED LEETE

THERE have been strikes in all sorts of trades in recent years, each involving a certain amount of human misery. I cannot help thinking it is the turn of those of my calling to make themselves objectionable. We have not yet had our chance of stabbing our fellows in the back.

I suggest a strike of journalists. Editors must cease to edit, reporters must abstain from reporting, cartoonists must turn over a new leaf and the whole army of writers for the newspapers must down pens. There shall not be and there cannot be any blacklegging. We will picket offices to prevent copy being brought in, and we know the printers will not take our places, as we did not attempt to set up type when they quarrelled with their masters. The cessation of the newspapers will be absolute and the misery of society unalloyed.

How long would you be able to go on without your newspapers? You, who want to know about horse-racing, you who are gambling in a certain stock, you who wanted to know if Messrs. Sarsenet and Sackcloth's Sale has started, you who go to the theatre two or three times a week, you who follow the fortunes of the Invicta United F.C.? "Ah," you jeer, "I have the wireless, and most of what I want to know will be broadcast unto me." Then know, my son, that the wireless folk get their news from the Press agencies, also on strike, and, even if it came straight from the horse's mouth, who believes anything till he sees it in print? Would you pay out 10 to 1 just because the wireless quoted the winner at that price? Of course, you wouldn't.

Moreover, perpend that newspapers are not made only to be read. They are also shields, covers, linings and fuel. If the Biggest Bore in Balham enters your railway carriage, where will you be without a newspaper to hide behind? What will you put in the drawers of your tallboy? In what will the humble wrap their fish and chip potatoes? How will you start your spring bonfire in the garden? And, above all, how will you be able to face that awful period before zero, those pregnant minutes before you go over the top to meet the dentist, without the current BYSTANDER?

You don't think I ought to gloat over the prospect of so much suffering? Why not? Other strikes do very little harm to the capitalists. Their money finds them a way out of inconveniences. Strikes only hit the middle-class and the poor class, the classes, usually, of the strikers themselves. Therefore our strike must hurt you, make you unhappy, and, if possible, infuriate you. You will not deserve it, but we are in similar case when the transport men quarrel with their bosses.

In the end, our strike will do you good. I cannot forget that when there were no newspapers people were very much happier. For one thing, a strike-leader could get no publicity. No one could read his speeches; only a few could hear them. His portrait with pet dog could not appear and so delude him into thinking he was a great man. Formerly if a foreman tried to stop his men working, he had his ears cut off and was exhibited in the stocks. There his workmen visited him after hours and threw rotten vegetables at him.

This was crude, but people found it worth while to keep on with their jobs and contribute to the country's general happiness. Of course, our newspaper strike leaders will not want any publicity. Certainly not.

Until the first Oxford Gazette of 1665 men had time to study. A scholar was a scholar in Elizabethan days. Now our minds are turned and diverted and twisted and pulled back till we lose the ability to concentrate. Young men and women in the early sixteenth century learned Latin and Greek so that they were able to translate, write and *think* them. Now we get a smear of these languages, a splash of mathematics, a smudge of science, and a blot of ethics. We have got to be interested in too much. And why? Because of the newspaper and the craft of which I am a member.

The newspapers have made celebrities of nincompoops. There is no standard of taste nowadays because the most foolish opinion can easily get circulation. In olden times a man had in sooth to be a poet before his work found publication. Now publicity, artfully used, will get the uninspired and the semi-educated accepted as artists and scholars. When you hurl the latest erotic novel across the room, do not blame the publisher, but the Press which helplessly advertises the author.

When you pitch the Collected Twitterings of John Near-poet into the Parrot's cage, remember that it was the Press which lured you into buying them. When you groan unhappily in the stalls of the Highbrow Theatre, reflect that it was the lyrical eulogy of your pet Sunday newspaper that drove you there.

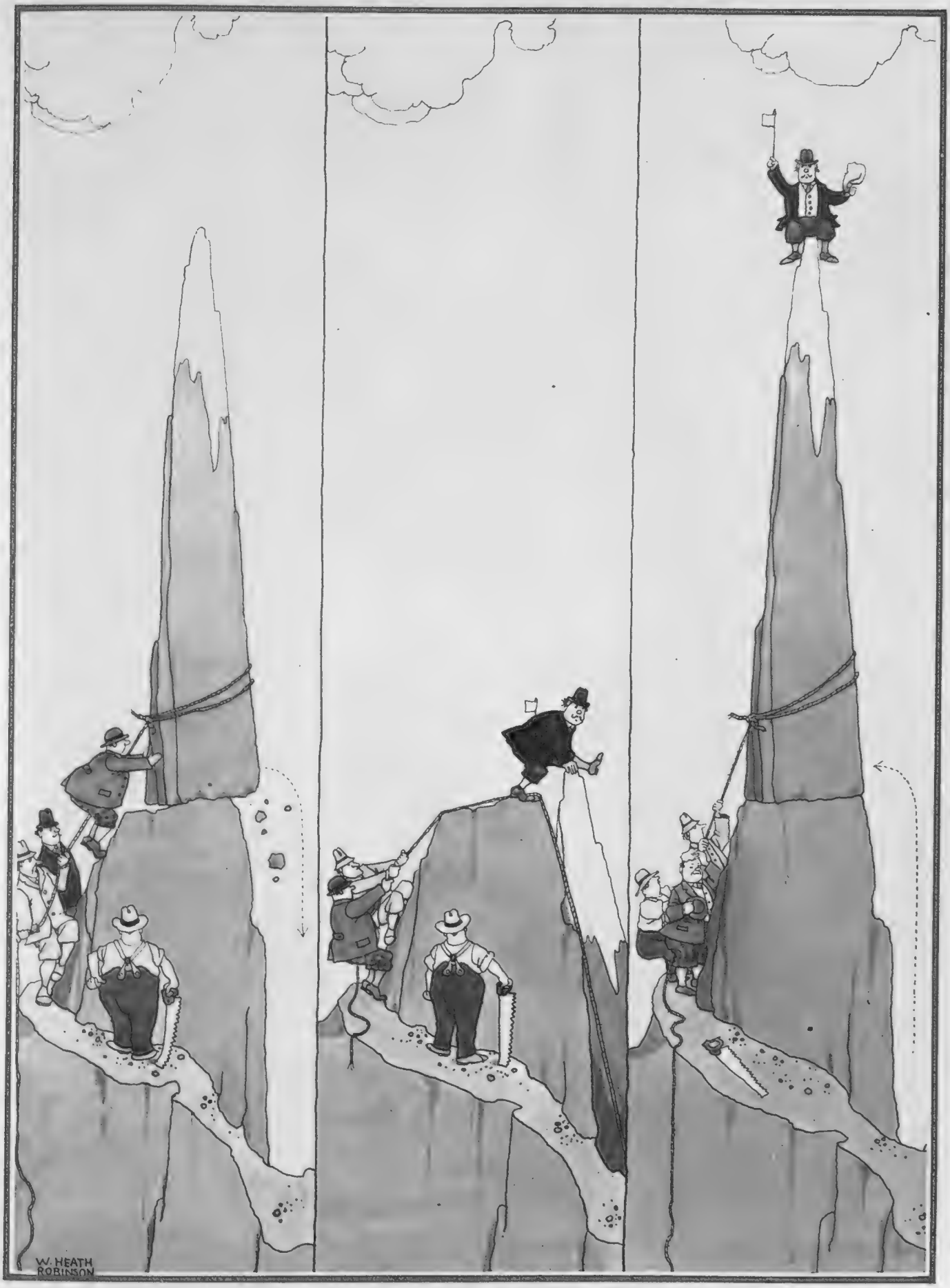
There will be an end to all those irritations when my happy strike comes along. You will be amazed at the improvement in yourselves after the first few weeks.

No gambling and no waste of time on entertainments. No bewilderment over new art. You will be on the way to become professors and, certainly, philosophers. You will learn the trick of lighting fires without paper, eating fish and chips out of Sevres china, dodging bores behind bound volumes of the *Graphic*, and getting your teeth drawn out without being previously doped by THE BYSTANDER.

And then our strike will collapse and pitch you back into civilisation. Why? Oh, we'll give way, or they'll give way, and out will come the contents' bills as before. Reading the first numbers will be like returning from the grave to study English history!

What was the strike all about? Don't ask me. Just as if any striker ever knew what he was striking for!

A Little Bit Off the Top



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A HINT TO THE NEXT MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION

RIVIERA GOLF

By DELL LEIGH

Sketches by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. III.

The Mystery Club

I APPROACH an attempt to describe this Club with a distinct feeling of awe, and not a little fright. Though it is known as "The Cannes Country Club," it is to me, and to most other people, a club shrouded in mystery.

The mystery which really envelops it—I am not joking—has been to some extent cleared—for me, at any rate—by the kindness of the Founders, who showed me all I asked to see—on conditions, the chief and over-riding promise being that I would tell no BYSTANDER reader, or any other reader, the names of the Promoters. Why? You may well ask why. To explain, one must go back a little.

A year or so ago, certain estimable gentlemen living out here (I write from Cannes), sportsmen in the strictest sense of that term, decided they would have a golf club of their own. A club that should be limited to 200 members. A club whose club-house should be set upon a princely hill, overlooking the fair field of *le golf*, amid a setting and under circumstances so unique and so beautiful that the Elysium of golf should be reached. They were not inspired with a lust for notoriety: nor were they setting out to acquire golfing or any other fame. Most of them have achieved a good deal of fame in their respective spheres; the names behind this Club are familiar the world over.

But they are men who view games and sport from the broadest and best point of view, and *qua* golf, a game they all love, they have set out to fashion a course like unto no other in the world.

In this I verily believe they have succeeded. With a fairly extensive experience of golf courses in several countries, I cannot remember having ever seen one so superbly situated for real golf as this, upon which the hand of Nature has been laid so tenderly, nor the hand of man so cunningly.

It has never yet been written about, because the few men concerned in its construction do not want any more visitations from the small man with the large purse who, being in the neighbourhood and hearing of its splendour, obtrudes upon them with irritating frequency with a cheque book and a demand for membership. They have had more than enough of this already. Their object is to keep the whole matter to themselves. They don't want members. They only want guests, their own guests, *taken in person*, as one takes a man into one's club in London.

Money? A natural question? If one could publish the names of the founders of this beautiful country club the reader would say at once, "Oh, well, of *course!*" And no more need be said. There is enough and to spare.

Six months ago the huge property was a rolling forest of blue-black pines, with regal sweeps of age-old natural turf in between. An American found the site. His name will go down to golfing posterity. So superb is the situation, so glorious the scenery, so illimitable the possibilities for classic golf that the chief difficulty of the promoters has been to keep the importunate from, as it were, clamouring at the gates for admittance. They still clamour.

"In December you can lie flat on your back and be gently toasted by a caressing sun"

Colt laid it out, and Claude Harris is making it. One need not enlarge further upon this. Except, perhaps, to say that when, at the commencement of the project, Colt was taken over the ground, he walked in solemn silence from end to lovely end, and, undemonstrative though he is, he then ejaculated, with some feeling, "It's a dam fine proposition!" . . . That, coming from the great golf architect, upon whom it is difficult to spring surprises, will tell you a little. I will tell you some more.

Picture to yourself a countryside five kilometres behind Cannes, and a thousand feet above it, a country so smiled upon by the heavens that in December you can lie flat on your back in flannels and be gently toasted by a caressing sun. Where there is no wind, because multi-coloured mountains shelter you to the North and East; and to the West and South gently sloping trees carry the smell of pine cones to the sleeping dark blue sea below. Where there is absolute privacy. Where no motor horns cut flat falsetto discord into the utter stillness. Where little brooks gurgle amusedly. Where the only sound is the "flack" of a driver on a distant tee. Where there is no aggressive shouting of "fore"—no rush to get off before the crowd; no waving through or hanging about behind. Complete silence, peace, and as near perfect golfing terrain as it has ever been my good fortune to walk over.

All the golfing pens will be busy with the Cannes Country Club one of these days. They will all want to join. Will any succeed? I doubt it. You see, they have already got more names down than they

(Continued on page 418)

Out and About on the Côte d'Azur

Photograph *C. N. Daly*

POT LUCK

Mrs. Satterthwaite (left) receiving the reward of her labours from Miss Logan, the Secretary of the Hyères tennis tournament. She beat Mrs. Covell 6-3, 6-1 in the final of the Ladies' Singles

Photograph *L. N. A.*

NOT "IN A PERSIAN GARDEN"

The Padshah, or, to use the popular abbreviation, the Shah of Persia (left) discards the dress of his country for more conventional garb whilst staying at Cannes. Unlike the late ruler, he is not "smoking a fat cigar"

Photograph *A. Weil*

ON THE RAILS

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hobson at the Nice races. The splendour of Mr. Hobson's shoes is outrivalled only by his button-hole, but then the Riviera lends additional scope to men in affairs of dress

Photograph *C. N. Daly*

"FINAL" STARS

Some of the finalists in the Hyères tournament: E. T. Lamb (left) runner-up in singles and winner of men's doubles; B. C. Covell, runner-up mixed doubles and men's doubles; W. M. Sherring, who partnered B. C. Covell in the doubles; Mrs. Covell who partnered her husband in the "mixed"; and J. M. Hillyard, winner of the singles and men's and mixed doubles

RIVIERA GOLF (continued)

actually need, more members than they sought. None of the Founders get any interest on the money invested. They don't want it. That is one of the conditions of entry. Men come here who have made small fortunes out of land development, and are, therefore, bereft of illusions, dead to enthusiasm. These men say immediately (they have said it several times) "How much do you want? For heaven's sake let me in on this. I must be in this. . . ."

It is not surprising that these hard-bitten land-developers feel like that. My feeling, having wangled a permission to see the site, was one of intense desire to be "counted amongst those present" one day.

The course is not yet ready for play. The Country Club-house is not yet built. But an army of skilled workmen (at 4s. a day!) are getting on with the job, with here and there a still more highly-skilled English workman popping up from the crowd of labourers, and talking to you with the quiet enthusiasm of the man who has helped to build greens and fairways before, and knows a good golfing thing when he sees it. Here the growth of grass, kissed by the Midi sun, is very rapid. Turf appears solid, close set, in ten days. In three weeks you are rolling what before was part of the forest which you have cut down.

There, on that upward sweep of pine copse, you see the site where the white club-house will spring up, set upon a fair eminence, as was intended, with a wide stone verandah overlooking about thirteen of the 18 holes. They have built their own road through a wild waste of country. They have clear spring water on to every green. No two holes faintly resemble one another. Each is to be a test of real golf. Upon each the best golfing brains have been concentrated, and upon each subsequently has the money been outpoured.

A millionaire's golf course? Yes, if you like. For this, of course, is what it will be known as; this is how sarcastic people are already describing it, with the faint shrug of intolerance.

But why not? None of the men behind the project would, I imagine, admit this designation. But all of them are men, sated with golf about the world, who see in this ground, amid this stupendous, theatrical beauty of scene, and the peace of mind great scenery brings, the golf course of the idealist.

And the ideal will be attained. One day you will see for yourself. If you are lucky, and can induce a member to take you there. You will never forget it.

"FELIX THE CAT" IN DOWNING STREET

By E. T. Reed

("*Mille felicitations*" and grateful acknowledgments to the artist who gave us this delightful quadruped)

As it Happens in Hunting Circles

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

A KEEN HUNTING COUPLE

The Master of the South Notts, Captain Marshall Roberts, and his wife at a recent meet near Radcliffe-on-Trent. Mrs. Roberts is the daughter of Captain E. A. Oldham (8th Hussars)

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THROUGH THE SOUTHDOWN "JUNGLE"

Miss Joy Stuart somewhat off the beaten track at a meet of the Southdown at Henfield

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

"WELL-KNOWNS" WITH THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW

Major and Mrs. Charles Leveson-Gower with their son Alan at Titsey Place, their home at Limpsfield. Major Leveson-Gower was a joint master of the Old Surrey and Burstow last season as well as in previous years

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

MRS. BULLOCK-MARSHAM

A prominent follower of the Eridge and West Kent, at Easthampstead Park, the Marquess of Downshire's seat where the Garth met recently under the Mastership of Major H. R. Cayzer

Photograph *Frankl and Velleman*

THE PAGEANT OF WINTER 'MIDST THE SWISS SNOWS

A general view of the ice rink at St. Moritz where, during the winter months, Society with a capital S is to be found skating, lugeing, bobbing and ski-ing. When night falls, fancy dress carnivals and dances help to keep the ball of Gaiety rolling far into the wee sma' hoors

THE CAMEL'S BACK

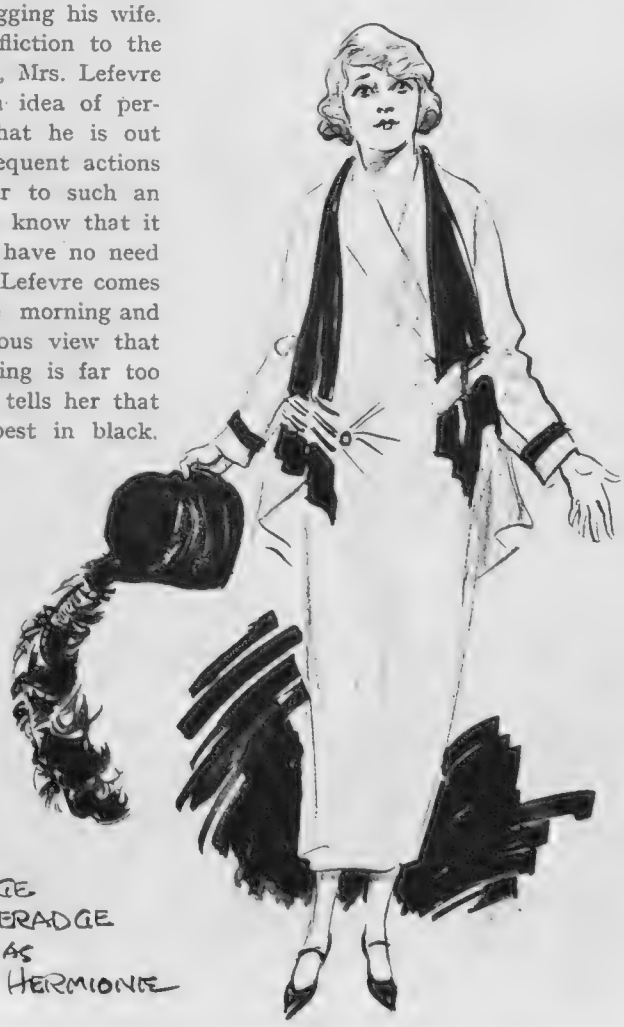
By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

Produced on January 31, 1924

IF I am correctly informed, the outstanding feature of a camel's back is—the hump. Doubtless, with this playful freak of nature in mind, Mr. Somerset Maugham has striven valiantly to ensure that his own particular camel should be conspicuously wanting in that respect. As far as witty and courageous dialogue can banish depression, he has succeeded admirably, even though the plot on which he has hung his coruscations to air prove to be a little thin and weather-worn. Such success as this play may enjoy will I think be due rather to the dialogue than the story. Mr. Maugham is an agile expert in skating over very thin ice, and his fun is always of the drawing-room, it being conceded, of course, that the modern drawing-room reaches to the head of the stairs or thereabouts.

MR. LEFEVRE is a pompous barrister who is always nagging his wife. Having endured this infliction to the extent of the last straw, Mrs. Lefevre hits upon the timeworn idea of persuading her husband that he is out of his mind. His subsequent actions certainly do lend colour to such an assumption; but as we know that it is all a put-up job, we have no need to worry about it. Mr. Lefevre comes down to breakfast one morning and expresses the cantankerous view that his wife's style of dressing is far too young for her age. He tells her that she always looks her best in black. I gather from this play that a husband cannot prudently give a hint of this kind to his wife. It is apt to set her thinking of the added charm she would derive from widow's weeds.

FURTHERMORE, Mr. Lefevre objects to his wife using slang. She explains pathetically that she has mixed with ladies and gentlemen all her life, and is beginning to find the experience a little monotonous. Apparently she longs for the greater freedom of manners of the lower classes, as did the bored nobleman in a comic opera of yesterday, who felt a secret hunger to become a costermonger, and to take a girl to Hampstead for the day (you have to say that last bit with music). Another of Mr. Lefevre's troubles is his ward Enid, a quite modern young lady who has just broken off her engagement with a likely man because he did not answer the "Serpentine test." Pressed to explain just what this test may be, Enid says that it refers to the figure a man presents when about to bathe in the Serpentine on a cold day in the restricted attire usual on such occasions. Mr. Lefevre affects to consider such an excuse ridiculous, but it is clear from his behaviour that he is not altogether sure he could himself answer so severe a test.



HAVING cast off the old love, and being a little impatient for the advent of the new, Enid has taken the initiative and has proposed to and been accepted by Denis Armstrong, whom indeed, she is kissing with a nice emphasis as the curtain goes up. Denis is a War hero, and it is therefore perhaps hardly necessary to add that he has no money and no job. But Enid has ten thousand pounds, and the idea is that she shall finance him in the tea-planting industry.

THERE was once a wise man who advised his son never to marry for money, but if he knew a girl with plenty of it, he should try and love her. Denis seems to have proceeded on these lines, as I take it he would not have accepted Enid's proposal if he had not cared for her to the extent at least of a pound or two. The difficulty in the case is that Mr. Lefevre who is Enid's trustee will not consent to the match, and if Denis wishes to marry Enid he must wait till she secures the control of her fortune, which will be in seventeen years' time. This, of course, beats even Jacob's

long wait for Rachel; and nowadays it isn't done.

A DELIGHTFUL character is Mr. Lefevre's mother who, as you might say, trespasses without guile. She is charmingly represented by Miss

Nina Boucicault. The old lady lives at a popular hotel where she has her private room; and as it is situated in a central part of London, she has every opportunity of "seeing life." And, as she says, if you leave that experience much after sixty-five it will be too late to enjoy it. Then, in a confidential mood, she tells of a most charming acquaintance she has just made among the guests of the hotel.

THIS is a young lady who came up from the country in such a hurry that she forgot to bring her wedding-ring with her; and when she arrived at the hotel, it was too late to go out and buy such a thing. As the old lady had no use for the wedding-ring she was wearing, she lent it to her new friend, who has such a pretty way of talking of her husband. Calls him her "gentleman friend." All this, of course, sounds very ordinary when set down in cold print; but it is endowed with a delightful, if daring, charm by the *naiveté* of Miss Boucicault in her repetition of it. (I think, perhaps, we ought to carry that drawing-room a little beyond the head of the stairs. Say, the third or fourth step down.)

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE has most of the good things in her share of the dialogue, and she speaks her lines with a bantering smile that only increases her husband's irritation. She has a pet funny story which she trots out on two occasions in the vain hope of getting a laugh for it. The story is quite simple. A neighbour of theirs, who is the surveyor of taxes, met a case one day in which a man had returned his income truthfully, and the surveyor instantly died from shock. The laugh is supposed to come in here. Mr. Lefevre does not, however, see the point, because the neighbour in question was not a surveyor of taxes but an actuary. A little later Mrs. Lefevre tries the story on the family doctor, who after thinking it over a moment considers it extremely interesting from a pathological point of view, but is inclined to believe that there must have been other complications to make death so sudden and complete. Miss Titheradge tells her story with a delightfully wistful air, as if she would be so grateful for even a brief titter. Fortunately, the obtuseness

of her menfolk is not shared by the audience, who are loud in their appreciation of the charming little outburst of humour.

AN efficient notice of this play, after ignoring the rather futile plot, would be merely to catalogue the hundred and one "good things" that keep us laughing for a couple of hours and more. I feel, however, I have stolen almost enough of Mr. Maugham's thunder as it is. If Mr. Frank Cellier did not feel obliged to live up to the plot he would have a better chance. He is the Mr. Lefevre whose wife confesses that she once had a little affair with Denis Armstrong during the War; and when her husband protests that she has wronged him, she says calmly, that if she found him walking out with a chorus-girl, she would take it quite calmly, naturally assuming that after he had been married for sixteen years he would feel the need of a change. (I think we'll move that drawing-room down another step or so if you don't mind. Best to be on the safe side.) JINGLE

MRS LEFEVRE (NINA BOUCICAULT) TRIES TO REMEMBER ON WHICH HORSE ONE HAD TO PLACE ONE'S SHIRT — OR THE EQUIVALENT THEREOF

Not in the "School" Curriculum

LADY TEAZLE AND JOSEPH SURFACE

Alias Queenie Thomas and Basil Rathbone, indulging in a little carefully-posed love-making in "The School for Scandal." This version of Sheridan's masterpiece is one of the big features of the British Film Weeks, and is being shown all over the country

WINDSOR CASTLE BY

A reproduction of one of the twenty posters, which the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Com
interest, herald a new epoch in

DRIAN STOKES, R.A.

has commissioned from famous Royal Academicians. These posters, which are attracting universal
world of pictorial advertising

"All in a Garden Fair"

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

LADY CHEETHAM

The wife of Sir Milne Cheetham, K.C.M.G., the newly appointed British Minister at Athens. Lady Cheetham, who is a daughter of the late Sir Horace Seymour (at one time Comptroller of the Mint) and Lady Seymour, had considerable experience of Embassy work before her marriage. Sir Milne Cheetham has held the posts of Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris and Berne, and has had a distinguished diplomatic career in most of the European capitals.

"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

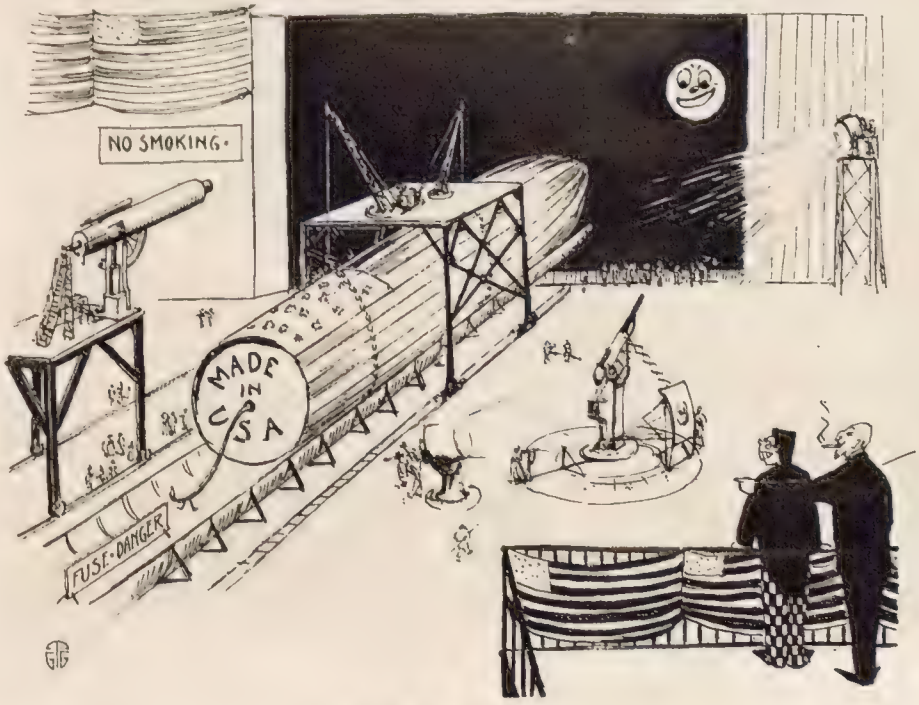
AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

KINDLY to receive and make composed with types the following lubrications which I shall now indulge as hereunder namely.

Let us beware of flattering unctions and other specious nasturtiums which make us to bellow with pride like the frog which blew himself a bull and then detonated. O yes, I have suffer deflations, and are now very chaste as I shall inform viz. The other day or 2 before last I receive a biggish letter package very luscious with scent and other fashionable smells. Perhapsly this shall be a *billet doux* (loving epistle) from some incognito or other adorable fair who desires to preserve her innuendo, I chucker gleeishly. How sweetish it shall be to peruse the caressings and billings which soonly I shall discover! I extract a pinkish heart transposed by skewer requiring I should be a valentine, but very anonymous. "Who shall be so mad to love me and suffer such vital pricks, yet cannot spell my name!" I declam. Soonly a 2nd packet is deliver and I speed to unpack same, only to experience a severe catastrophic in lieu. I low and beheld a colour portraiture of self, only very to the contrary, which must have acquire execution by a non-art person of entirely minus talents. "How for should I receive this effigy from some non-refined anonymic with so great destitution of genius?" I haste to require of Hon. friend. Aforesaidly makes to look at my portrayal and then explodes with loud guffers. "Do not make noises of congenital goat, but inform to explain this ambiguity to my comprehensions," I depose. "O this are joke because of Hon. Sir Valentine," he repart with continued percussions. "How for so?" I remons. "Who are this Hon. Sir Valentine which makes these pictorial disfigurements in 3 colours?" "He was a very patron St. who ran out of print several years B.C.," Hon. friend propound. "That are very goodish lucks for him," I menace warmishly. "You should not be so irritant, Yogo," Hon. friend reprieve. "This are ancient Anglo custom to make persons feel very foolish because of 1st of April." Perhapsly this are so, but notwithstandingly I do not greatly enjoy this festive of Hon. Sir Valentine who was so non-cultured in 3 colours.

"To persue the caressings and billings"



"A gun for shooting the moon"

The time are approaching, I bemuse, when timid persons shall seek to acquire non-return tickets for more lucky stars to die in peace. So soonly as we have recover from fightings, strikings and other turbulent broils, American Hon. Prof invents a gun for shooting the moon with a ricochet nextly summer. He will fill a bullet with gases and other hot airs to make it propel with extreme velocities at many miles per h.p., till it hits the lunar and depops. O yes, that are all so well and shall make great excitements, but constrain to suppose Hon. lunars should play the return match and shoot a ricochet to this earthy sphere, should we not pause to hop very spriteishly after decombustion of same? Yes forsoothly, we should make to hollow "off-side" and declare a foul. I do not love these Hon. scientifics who prognose we shall die of pressing a button, or depoping Hon.

atom, or other modern volcanics. How delicious it should be if we might put all the Hon. scientifics in the ricochet and shoot them into the moon!

But let us elevate our socks because this week we shall observe the hocking match between Oxford v the Cambridgeshires, which should cause excitements to all lovers of this amphibian sporting. The rival crews will man the goals at Beckenham to see who shall make the most velocity to the victory post and win by heads to nil. This must be very painful experiences to the decapitated persons, but very stylish to witness. I are inform that the Universal 11's have been making to practise their pulls and swipes and should achieve much pleasant slaughter for our entertainments.

"Much pleasant slaughter for our entertainments".

accounts. The new Hon. politicals work so hard they accomplish 25 or 26 hours a day to make us all very good and legitimate. Hon. Sir Ramsey cannot dispose himself to bed because of his rushes, and no persons may sleep more than 2 hours per. Also Hon. Labourers have made peace with the Russias for good trades, so they shall deport us non-expensive eggs and other national industries. This are very authenticate as yesterday I experience a Bolshevik egg to my breakfast for 2 pence. They are so non-costly because soviat fowls are not permit to make Trade Unions or have so high wages as British and must work many overtimes. But I shall not repeat these democracy eggs which are so greatly precocious they crow in the shell.

"The new Hon. politicals work so hard"

But soonly we shall experience other blessings to suffer. I are inform that Hon. widows and other femn bereavements shall acquire pension emoluments to give them good spirits when they have not any conjugals to provide their supports. This should be very esteemed boon and perhapsly put not more than 2 or 3 pences on our income taxings if we have so good lucks to preserve any at all. But this should not make us to suffer the blue, because consider the happy days in cold storage for us, Hon. Sir. "How of so?" you require. "I do not yetly smell these propitious tides in store."

O this are very exclusive informations which I receive from Hon. gent which has a friend who is acquaint with Right Hon. person who makes to wash the windows at 10 Downing. Picture to suppose if Hon. Sir Ramsey should make a bill so that all persons acquire good pensionings who have not suffer expiration before 30 or 40 annums of age! Should not that be very cushing jobs with only to collect our pension cashes per weekly so we may retain on our beds 6 and a ½ days? O yes, that should make us very gleeish and democritic.

"But how of some current politicals, Mr. Y. Hama?" you vouchsave. "You should constrain to consider these aspects and not live only for good sportings and other unpolished combats." That are entirely so, Hon. Sir, otherwisely we shall all grow too happy and gay, which should be very bad for Hon. legal persons who make wise laws so we may break them and suffer prosecutings with concomitant fines and mulcts. O yes, I repine, how very saddish it should be to observe police bobs and other Hon. legalities, working very severeishly like common non-legal persons because we do not acquire any new laws for breaking.

Howeverly, we should not fear to experience the high winds because of these

"To collect our pension cashes per weekly"

"No doubtlessly yes, Mr. Y. Hama," you dispose, "but if all persons acquire this cash blessing, who shall devise to produce the fundings for same?" That are very infantine question which I shall not constrain to respond.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your esteemed healths continue to cause much non-anxiety, I remain

Yogo Hama

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" By Stan Terry

The Man: "Funny thing—my wrist-watch is always slow"

The Girl: "How sympathetic of it!"

IN HIS ANTIDOTAGE By Graham Simmons

The Professor: "Do you know that they can extract enough poison from one cigar to kill a rabbit?"

The Smoker: "Serve 'em right. I hate rabbits!"

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"We have been to Georgette"

MES AMIS—

POOR pessimists, who will keep on saying that the *Entente* is broken! How the facts do let them down. Why, even in our sicknesses, we are not divided. We decide to have the *grippe* — a nasty, virulent form of it, too, that seizes one with terrible swiftness and sends the temperature rocketing up to the point of serious interrogation. We have more and more of it till it becomes an epidemic. But are we left to bear the scourge alone? *Mais non*. As so often before, we find you by our side. You decide to share it with us, even to the epidemic stage. The *Entente* is restored over the cordial. *Influenzerté, Egalité, Fraternité.*

HAVING just crawled back to the firm strand after seven weeks in the "wave" and the even more unpleasant backwash, my one craving was for an impression of summer—no matter how created, so long as the eager eyes could feast on something that created visions of sunshine and flowers. And, joyfully to tell, I realised my wish even in the February gloom of Paris, where we have had more rain and fogs than I have seen for many winters. My thanks are extended to the *couturier* Georgette, the lady who brought summer within my sight for the sole effort of a taxicab ride to her showrooms near the Opera. She invited Marcel and me to her private view of summer models, and though some folks might think it over early to be conning summer golds and lavenders, I shall maintain that it is most timely.

THE mere names of the new frocks — though it is rather unfair to call them "mere" names when they are so lyrical and cheery—are inspiriting in themselves. Could any girl feel downcast in a dance-frock that was christened "La vie est belle" (in crepe georgette). *Pas possible.* And her partner, as soon as he had been informed thereof, would acquire a new sprightliness and be absolutely unable to make a false step. And what about "Surprise d'amour," a shimmering masterpiece of silver and black and soft grey? Superfluous, the privilege of Leap Year, to a tall, slim *demoiselle* thus etherealised. She would have to withstand a proposal after every dance. If I told you how many times the *mannequin* who revealed it had to reply that she was already *fiancée*, you might doubt my veracity.

I HAVE but one plaint to breathe — in the timid whisper becoming to a drab male, which will pass unheard anyhow—about the new styles. That is due to a personal disappointment over the waistline. Advance "indiscretions" had indicated that it was coming up, at which I was cheered. There is a kink in my young mind about waists, over which I am so old-fashioned that I like to find them where even the most bashful English tourist would expect them to be. You will comprehend my chagrin at observing that they have taken the wrong turning still further. A little bit more and they will be ankle-straps. Apart from that, the "line" is such as to enthuse an artist in its simple beauty, sheathing the wearer very, very closely (oh! so cosily). *Enfin*, a sigh of sympathy for the manufacturers of the dainty wear that is only mentioned with precision in the advertisement pages. They will have to employ still filmier fabrics. What an era of growing restrictions they do live in, poor fellows.

ADMIRALS, generals, colonels, captains, commissioners and travellers, whose memories of "occupation" in Constantinople are still sharp will, perhaps, enjoy a minor thrill at the news that the Grand Cercle Muscovite has come to Paris, and, in the Rue Caumartin, gives promise of rivalling the great nights of Pera. Less fortunate English folk, who have missed Constantinople, will recall that they have

"In the reverie-creating Turkish room"

heard, or read, much about the Cercle Muscovite when they are reminded that it was there that Russian ladies of the highest rank — countesses, duchesses, even princesses—served as waitresses when forced to flee from their estates, practically penniless. They may even remember that a society of unmarried Turkish ladies protested because the beautiful Russians captured the pick of the eligible men of their capital.

ONE does not suppose that Parisiennes would make such a protest, even if they had to meet the competition of blue-blooded Russian waitresses, but for the moment they have not, the service being ensured by efficient men, who are not obsequious — a rarity in Paris that deserves appreciation. Already, the Cercle Muscovite is one of the best *restaurants-dancings* in Paris. Those who knew M. Gavriloff and M. Zeiffert in Constantinople will know why. Those who did not, will learn in a single visit. For forty-five francs I enjoyed there the best dinner I have known in Paris for several months. Thus :

Borchtchok des Boyards.
Esturgeon Neva.
Cotelettes de Volaille Pojarsky.
Asperges (Sauce Polonaise).
Poires Lyvadia.
Corbeilles de Délices.

AND then Turkish coffee in the reverie-creating Turkish room, with its tinkling fountain and complete forgetfulness of the busy boulevards. It is worth the forty-five francs to have a Haroun al-Raschid dream among those luxurious divans. The whole of the decorative scheme of the Cercle Muscovite is an artistic success, from the rich curtains to the luminous paintings that add their vivid appeal to the inspiriting glow of the skilfully shaded lights.

"At the Cercle Muscovite"

HAVE you ever observed how the presence of a great artist can inspire lesser lights to give better than their best—previous best, I suppose one ought to say ? Their unconscious tribute to greatness, *sans doute*. I was at the Cigale the other night and Jeanne Granier was among the crowd. Granier, in her day, is said to have caused envy to Bernhardt herself. Well, the ordinary mortals among the audience might not have been there. Everyone who came on the stage was playing to Granier, desperately anxious to win her approval. Speaking on behalf of the audience (said he, with chest well out) we did not mind that in the least. *Au contraire*, we felt we were doing well in getting such a display of super-excellence without extra charge. I wish Granier might be present at all the shows I attend, thus sparing me from nights of dudgeon when the chorus is "like sweet bells jangled." . . .

PECULIARLY, the Cigale does not seem to attract much of the British tourist traffic, which largely limits its music-hall venturings to the Folies-Bergère and the Casino de Paris. But the Cigale *revue* is much cleverer than either of the others, though not, of course, so spectacular. One can be quite as severely shocked here as by the "pictures without words." Perhaps more so, if the command of French is sufficient to follow the irresistible jokes of the witty Louise Balthy, as good as ever she was. Marguerite Carré of the Opera Comique sings tantalising old songs in a pleasant setting, and a new song by Esther Lukain, "Elle n'est pas si mal que ça," should drift across the dance-halls of the world. The climb up Montmartre is worth the effort so long as this *revue* chirps at the Cigale. RENÉ

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

"Don't tell me Jack Jones can't speak," cried an excited partisan from Silvertown, "wy, 'is langwidge 'ud be a credit to any charabanc party!"

. . . . . .

After the first night's performance of *Not In Our Stars*, we understand that Sir Gerald du Maurier intended to begin his speech to the audience with "I thank whatever gods may be"—only the gallery didn't want to be thanked.

. . . . . .

A crusade is reported to have been started against the cult of whiskers. We should be glad if these reformers would first turn their attention to certain club *raconteurs*, most of whose stories have whiskers on them.

. . . . . .

We understand that the artists who were commissioned to paint posters for the Underground railways have practically finished their labours. We will now celebrate that fact *à la* Mr. Kipling

When John's last poster is painted, and the Tubes are fresher than paint;
When the critics shall say "How clever," and the Cockneys declare, "They ain't!"
We shall rest—

[Take a rest now.—Ed.]

. . . . . .

Certain flabbily inclined ladies will be glad to hear that there is now on the market a facial contrivance guaranteed to cover a multitude of chins.

. . . . . .

So our Poet Laureate is going to America! Well, we suppose silence is as golden over there as here.

. . . . . .

The old question as to the existence of Platonic Love has cropped up again. Of course, it is perfectly possible—between husband and wife.

. . . . . .

"Matrimony," observed the professor on learning that someone had buried his wife in a cellar, "though obviously distasteful to him in the abstract, seems to have appealed to him in the concrete."

. . . . . .

An American scientist has announced his intention of firing a rocket at the moon. But over here this practice of shooting the moon has been common for years.

. . . . . .

Chief of life's woes I reckon these
Broadcasting puerilities:
At five o'clock, what makes me glower?
Our children? No, the Children's Hour!

. . . . . .

A well-known lyric-writer declares that it is not the words of a song that matter, but the thought. All right, let him write a love song without any of these six words:

(1) Spring (4) Eyes
(2) Heart (5) You
(3) Only (6) Love

. . . . . .

After seeing Mr. Godfrey Tearle's new play, we heartily endorse Lord Rothermere's recommendation, "Hats off to France (C.V.)."

. . . . . .

"Girls cannot be too careful about their complexions at this time of year," writes a physician. And not only girls. Even Vesuvius is in eruption.

He was a Park orator and was declaiming against the right of parents to chastise their children.

"Haven't *you* any kids?" asked a heckler.

"Ten of 'em," answered the other.

"Haven't you ever laid hands on them?"

"Only in self-defence!" barked back the orator.

. . . . . .

"Jane, for a treat," her mother said,
"Would you like these chrysanthemums?
Or in the Albert Hall instead,
Sit while the choir an anthem hums?"
Miss Jane replied, "With them I'm fed;
I'll go to Iolanthe, mums!"

. . . . . .

Mr. Macdonald Hastings has invented a new game—making song titles. This is our first shot at it:

1. I was watching the proceedings from below!
2. I feel it most when I'm stooping!
3. Wilfred starts to squeak when I've the pip!

. . . . . .

The shoulder of mutton was sadly underdone. "Mummy," said five-year-old Pamela, "when it comes to my turn, may I have a piece where the rainbow ends?"

. . . . . .

"Waiter, is this the bottle of beer I ordered?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then do you mind if I insist on seeing the libel?"

. . . . . .

We wonder how many men have bought their wives fur coats—not to keep 'em warm, but to keep 'em quiet.

SUBURBANITIES

By Oswald Cuningham

She: "That's my next door neighbour I just bowed to"
He: "But why didn't she return your bow?"
She: "Oh, she never returns anything!"

Guest in One

BY ALFRED LEETE

'ERB *(sadly)* : "My missus takes in paying guests—only they don't!"

TROCADERO GAME BIRD SERIES

The snipe closely resembles the woodcock in appearance and provides an equal test for the good shot. Its peculiar rocketting flight makes it an extremely difficult target.

The snipe is found in marshy localities of England, and generally throughout the moorlands of Scotland.

"Bécassine en Cocotte à la Gran' Mère" served at the Trocadero is a dish particularly attractive to those with a light appetite.

SNIPE. *Drawn by J. C. HARRISON.*

Trocadero

LONDON'S PREMIER RESTAURANT
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
W. 1

FROM THE GALLERY

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Only Hat Worth Having"

LONDON, *February* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST been talking, someone has, 'bout how diff'rently we might look at plays and things if we all watched 'em from the gallery. Not all dolled up and well-dined and wined and in a cushy seat with arms to it, but just on a hard bench far up aloft. Seeing things sort of face to face, 'thout any kind of roseate haze of comfort to help you enjoy it—and, p'raps, too, rather prevent you sometimes seeing quite all the angles and lights and shades and so on.

MIGHT be something in it, of course, and then, again, might not. But must say rather like, meself, looking at things every now and then from the gallery point of view, so to speak—or, for that matter, the pit. Unprejudiced, I mean, and unhelped by all the adventitious aids that tradition and circs. wrap round one in a sort of soft and complicated net, as you might say. And looks rather a cold, hard world, *sans doute*, 'casionally, on those lines. And there's not so fearf'ly many bits of it, really, that'll altogether always pass the test.

"The kidneys are cold"

RATHER r'markable, come to think of it, how 'pletely and incorrigibly *subjective* most of us are, and how immensely what we think of anything seems to depend on our own state of mind, not to mention body. How rosily joyous everything 'pears when we've just been wallowing in *de l'eau chaud* tinged with the best kind of Morny or Dubarry, f'rinstance, or run a really successful lunch-party, or ordered the Only Hat Worth Having, or had the nicest thing in the world said to us by the right person! Or booked pos'tively the last table at the Embassy or Ciro's (at which latter, by the way, I saw Princess Marie of Greece, half the London stage, and dear Mr. T. P. O'Connor the ever-young, on a recent gala night). Or utterly and gloriously quelled the 'pertinent cook or chauffeur or taxi-man or bus-conductor of whom we in our secret heart stood in fear and trembling. . . .

AND how depressing, on the other hand — only don't let's dwell on this, 'cos it's Feb. and we need a bit of cheering up, if anything. . . . How distinctly pessimistic our outlook on Life has a way of becoming if the bath-water and the kidneys are both cold, and someone tells us how pale we're looking, and all the wrong books come from Mudie's and we have to do a duty dance with one of those plungers — you know, the bumpy kind (probably "county") that knocks all the other people's cherished last glasses of champagne off their tables just after midnight, and they all glare at you as if it was *your* fault. . . .

THE only one thing that always can be quite safely and without any sort of worry or *arrière pensée* be always gazed at right between the eyes, at the best or worst moments, even of Feb., being, I'm pos'tively convinced (with, p'raps, one or two extra special and partic'lar human exceptions)—well, just the world itself, otherwise Nature, "the dear green Earth of the Lord" that's just now just beginning to stir, though only the very least little bit, so far, out of her winter sleep. Though, after all—

Dull winter is but for a season;
Springtime's argosies at last
Descend upon the wings of morning,
And the time for sleep is past

as one of the poets hath it.

REALLY rather looking at it all from the gallery point of view, all of us, just now, aren't we? For a time at least, or anyway, trying to, what with a Labour Gov'ment in power and all. Quite sort of instructive, you know, in a way—and also not altogether a bad idea, p'raps, that some of the Labour galleryites should also chance to be finding 'emselves, 'cos of 'coming Cabinet Ministers and things, in temp'ry occupation of the dress circle and the stalls. Which may quite possibly alter their point of view just a little—what?

APROPOS of which—dress circles and stalls, I mean—wonderful reception from *all* parts of the house for the Congreve revival of *The Way of the World* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Wherein the clothes are some of the loveliest and most colourful, I give you my word, that I've ever yet set eyes on. Robert Loraine, for instance, in the fascinatingest combination yet of orange and green, and people generally wearing golden gloves and red gloves, and gorgeous long wigs and gartered stockings turned up at the knee—the men, I mean. And the language is always d'lightfully formal and precious —up to a point. Deep bows and curtseys, *par exemple*, being 'companied not only by nice refined chat, but by some

"Utterly quelled the impertinent cook"

of the really frankest and well-nigh Rabelaisian utterances that, alas, I can't just this moment tell you about.

RATHER wonder, you know, I do, how some members of the audiences that I understand now crowd the Lyric nightly once more, are enjoying certain of the more frank and early-English phrases and expressions thereof, such as—but, hush, hush. . . . Wouldn't look well in mere cold chilly print, I don't believe, not at all. Interspersed, of course, with all sorts of nice and perfectly blameless and even modernish remarks, *e.g.*, and as for instance: "You look most killing well," and "'Tis better to be left than never to have been loved," and—of the couple about to be married at last, Mirabell and Millament, to wit—"Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but be very strange and well bred." . . .

SEEMS rather to have begun to start already, by the way, talking of modishness, that Little Season which nowadays has quite a good run before Lent, 'spite of the many still away dallying on the Riviera or Algiers or what not. And going to be something *of* a season, too, quite soon 'parently 'cording to the prophets, what with the Empire Exhibition at Wembley and all. Which last seems to be a sort of reason and excuse for everything—so's we shan't disappoint all

"A duty dance with one of the plungers"

our hordes of visitors, which are, 'parently, going to include simply *millions* of Scottish excursionists at twenty-five bob return tickets per time . . . help!

EVEN dancing till 2 a.m. to be allowed everywhere, it seems, 'cos, as Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P., remarked, it really would be a very nice thing that the people who come to see the aforesaid Exhibish. "should be free to enjoy themselves as they wish." Hear, hear, and loud cheers—and also why, come to think of it, shouldn't the same remark also apply to the quite ordinary inhabitants of the great Metrop. at quite ordinary times, what?

AND has also kept the Vienna Opera Company away, apparently (more cheers, said she, patriotically) that same Empire Ex. has, and the B.N.O.C., that finished up its season at Cov. Garden last week with such a lovely *Parsifal* and the all-Italian *Rigoletto* again (why *do* they *ever* sing in English?) may be coming back to us again about May-ish or so instead. Oh! and 'fore I forget it, there's a big Sunday League Concert, organised by Lady Tichfield, for the Margaret Club Fatherless Babies at the Palladium on March 2, which positively everyone will be going to, if only to welcome dear "Vi" Lorraine in her first appearance since she became married and domesticated. Yet more and more cheers!

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

PICTURE PLAYS

AS SEEN FROM THE STALLS

"THREE WEEKS

I HAVE often been told that a mere man cannot make a house a home. I have even seen fair ladies look round a bachelor apartment and sigh, perhaps longingly, "It does need a woman's hand." The need is usually met, and after seeing the Goldwyn film of Elinor Glyn's novel, *Three Weeks*, at the Oxford Theatre, I am persuaded to believe that many times to come we shall say of motion pictures that they, too, need a woman's hand.

THE most striking feature of this always beautiful and more than occasionally piquant production is the constantly apparent influence of Elinor Glyn. Alan Crosland is named as the director of *Three Weeks*. It would not surprise me to learn that he directed this picture to just the same extent as the average husband directs the furnishing of his drawing-room. And the result of it all is as excellent as the finest drawing-room of one's dreams.

ELINOR GLYN did a wise thing in going to Hollywood to co-operate in the production of this picture. I was told that when she went she took butlers' and footmen's liveries, specially made at Harrods, so that *Three Weeks* might be free of the reproach so often, so justly, levelled against Californian productions—that they betray an utter lack of the ways of English life. But Elinor Glyn took more than liveries to Hollywood. She took a thorough knowledge of the ways of English Society, and that knowledge is apparent in the finished artistry of this film.

A "PURPLE PATCH" IN PHOTO-PLAY

Aileen Pringle as Elinor Glyn's amorous Queen, and Mr. Conrad Nagel as Paul, in the Goldwyn production of "Three Weeks"

I NEED not deal with the "romance" of *Three Weeks*. It is well-known. Those who are attracted by it will certainly not be disappointed in the picture. Those who are not so attracted will certainly not go to see it.

Apart, however, from the technical excellence of this picture, praise is due to the work of an exceptionally talented cast.

Lady Pringle, who plays the part of the queen, is altogether queenly, while fulfilling superbly every dramatic moment of her part.

Conrad Nagel, as Paul, is very good indeed, but quite often fails to rise to big occasions.

The King Constantine of John Sainfolis left me cold. This king is so degenerate that he would have had no opportunity to be unfaithful. He would have been locked up. Stewart Holmes fills the part of Petrovich, but no more. There are several graphic episodes in which Dale Fuller is particularly fine.

Three Weeks will, undoubtedly, be a great popular success. W. A. M.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

AN EASY FIRST

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

SOCIETY DOINGS: At Home

Photograph *Central News*

WATCHING THE CHILDREN AT PLAY

Princess Mary with Mrs. G. M. Trevelyan and Mr. W. Clarke Hall, at a display of the Evening Play Centres Fund given at the Drapers' Company Hall last week

"FORM" FOURS

Miss Dorothy Faro (left), Mrs. Campbell-Wood, Mrs. Kisch-Colin, and Mrs. Ironside at Grunewald. Miss Faro is well-known to holiday-makers at Grunewald, as the popular dance-hostess of the Bear Hotel

Photograph] **ORDEAL BY CAMERA FIRE** *[Marcel Le Noir*

A group snapped on the polo ground at Cannes before the serious work started. Seen above are Lady Gibbons and Comtesse Dashknow with the Comte de Jumilhac, Signor A. Cousino and M. Amunategni, the Chilian Consul at Marseilles

Photograph *G.P.U.*

WHERE EVERYONE GOES AT MONTE

Luncheon time at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs. "Among those present"—Colonel Hopton, Lt.-Col. Charles Leslie of Balquhain, Col. and Mrs. Halliday, Miss Marjorie Moss and Monsieur Georges Fontana (whose dancing turns are as popular on the Riviera as they are in London). Standing on the left is Monsieur Hector (in charge of the London Metropole Midnight Follies) mounting guard over the solitary drinker of an inviting-looking "magnum"

Photograph *Central News*

CHEERINESS AT CANNES

Riviera sunshine begets cheerfulness, to judge by the above photograph of the Count de Rougemont enjoying a little joke with the Maharanee of Pudukota and Lady Wavertree

and Abroad

Photograph *Stort and General*

AT THE POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. and Mrs. Champneys arriving at Park Farm, Brabourne, for the Sternecliffe Drag Hunt Steeplechases. Whether the contents of Mrs. Champneys' nose-bag were intended for human or equine consumption is, unfortunately, unknown

Photograph *H. C. Hopkinson*

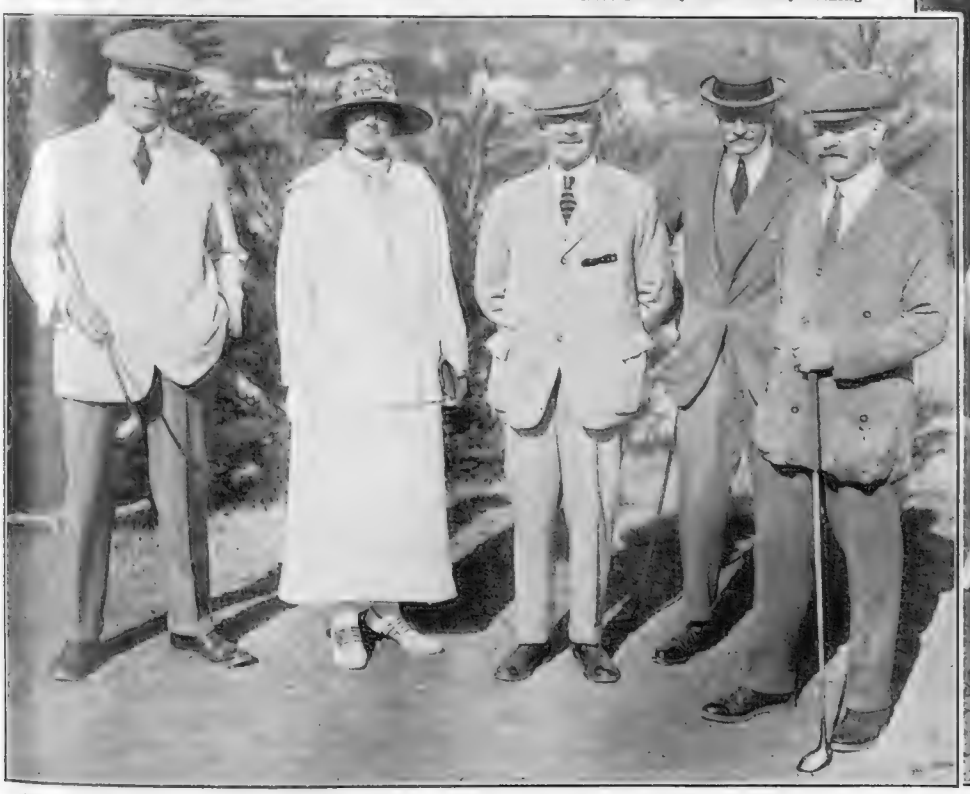
SEEKING THE SUNSHINE

Mr. and Mrs. Lysaght bathed in smiles—and sunshine—at Madeira, where they have recently been holiday-making

Photograph *H. C. Hopkinson*

A FUNCHAL FUNCTION

Bathing is one of the main pursuits of visitors to Funchal, where the clear blue water is always pleasantly warm. In the bathing party seen above are Major Fisher (left), Col. and Mrs. Hynes, Capt. and Mrs. Reed, Mr. Arnold, and Miss Croft



Photograph *Alfieri*

ON THE LINKS AT MANDELIEU

Golf claims its victims with the same relentlessness on the sun-kissed links of the Riviera as on the rugged courses of Scotland. Five of the victims—willing ones, obviously—who have answered to the call of "Le Golf" on the Mandelieu links at Cannes, are seen in the above group which shows, Mr. E. Jones, Sir Joseph and Lady Hood, Mr. J. E. Findlay and Mr. W. F. Hinton

Photograph *Alfieri*

HAVING THEIR DAY

Mr. "Akela of Mattesdon," the only British born Alsatian trained for police work, and "Chrimhilde von Stefanienbad," his (naturalised) companion, having a day out with their trainer-owner, Mrs. Harries Jones.

RUGGER RAGGINGS

NAVY *v.* AIR FORCE

By 'PENDARVES"

FIGUREZ VOUS, as members of the French team would say, the feelings last Wednesday of the naval officer lately transferred to the Air Force, and now holding a command in the latter, when the Royal Navy arrived with its super-team, most carefully picked, at Twickenham, to wipe out last year's defeat by the junior Service. There were several of these weather-beaten gentlemen in the stand. One sat next to me, chewing the end of his conscience. He *wanted* the Air Force to win, because, duty bound with an Air Force tie, it was up to him don't you know. But the Navy, the imperishable Service, couldn't suffer another defeat—like last year. It was unthinkable. It had *got* to be put right, last year's *débâcle*. And it was.

He did not convey his thoughts to me in broken, dog-watch speech. These sort of fellows never do. But you could see the cataclysm of his mind. His twitching fingers told you most, the drooping, unlit gasper the rest.

His partisanship battled, white hot, with his present-day loyalties somewhat like this, I feel sure :

" . . . Well, thank God the ground is dry, anyway. It will probably snow. No matter. Same for both sides. . . . John Russell, the Air Force skipper, studying the lie of the wind before the game—useless. Any N.O. could have told him the stands create wind eddies. . . . Hell of a game this is going to be. Both sides full out and trained to an ounce. Who ought I to shout for ? Damned if I know. Shan't open my mouth. But I wish Davies and Kershaw were playing, all the same. Good old Navy. . . . They come out. Duke of York inspects. Senior Service shaken hands with first. As it should be. Brawny-looking lot our Air Force forwards—*ours ?* . . ."

R.A.F. attacks strongly. " Splendid forwards we've got. This'll keep the R.N. on the run, anyway. 'Course Bob Usher and Bill Adams two magnificent Air Force forwards. . . . But so are Luddington and Eyres for the Navy. Great Scot, if that Irish international, Stephenson, once gets the ball at wing threequarter he's in. Damit he *is* in. . . Played indeed the Nav—— Hard lines, Air Force. . . . *Must* pull myself together—two Air Commodores sitting just behind.

" Fine thing, this colossal shouting, covers one's own epithets. It's a fierce fight between two evenly matched packs. The sort of game we read about but so seldom see, especially on a Wednesday. Why on earth isn't this match played on a Saturday ? Half my fellows couldn't get away to-day from Air Ministry. Suppose I oughtn't to be here, really—oh, well *saved*, Wale. Fine back, that Corporal."

Navy scores again—a goal. Ex-naval officer blows his nose and looks happy. Pulls himself together again with commendable rapidity, and joins the chorus of " Come-on-the-A-i-r-F-o-r-c-e," with head turned slightly in direction of members of the Air Council. Half-time Navy 8, Air Force 0.

Navy scores again — a goal. Score now 13—0. All over. They may as well begin wirelessing to the ships at sea.

N.O. wishes to heaven he was in a wardroom at 7 p.m. this evening. . . .

" Wait a minute ! The tide is turning. Air Force attacking ferociously, splendidly. They're a wonderful team, these Air Force fellows — *our* Air Force fellows . . . their tackling is superb. Why in the name of fortune don't they feed Jimmy Lowe more ? However, they have scrambled over for a try. Well done ! Air Force scores again from a penalty. Another 3 points. Scores now 16—6. There is yet time. For whom ? Blowed if I know ! Never seen two such magnificent fighting forces as these two fifteens. I ought to have joined the Army. Then I *could* have shouted ! "

His thoughts continue in this wise, judging by his face.

" All over. Navy wins 16—9. W-ell-played the Na——both of you. Tea. Cheshire cat grin all over face of old shipmate, W. J. A. Davies. P'raps he's right. Interview John Russell sharing bath with Bob Usher. Can't see either of them for soap suds, nor hear either for sulphurous adjectives hurtling about Air Force dressing-room. Repair in recklessly driven car to Air Force Club. Regaled on perilous homeward journey by driver's account of how he took a Riskiss machine up to 24,000 feet yesterday in twenty-one minutes, with full military load. Can quite believe it. Prefer submarines, myself. Safer.

" Half the Navy team flushed with tea and victory, turn up in due course in R.A.F. Club American bar, for more flushes. Very trying for me this, as am expected to embrace winners. Can't, being member of R.A.F. Shall be court-martialled for *lèse-majesté*, or whatever it is, if I don't look out. Safest thing to do, take firm stand at bar and repeat monosyllabically to all and sundry, " What's yours ? " Find everyone answers this question in double time . . . danger over . . . Can't remember now whether I am Lieut.-Commander or Squadron Leader. Don't think it matters. Navy won. Good ! —well played the Air Force."

Photograph *Central News*

THE LINE OUT—BEFORE THE GAME

H.R.H. the Duke of York shaking hands with the R.A.F. team before their match against the Navy XV at Twickenham last week. The silent Service - not too silent on this occasion—won by 16 points to 9

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P. 219

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

"Harry"

It has not taken Mr. Harry Brown long to get cured of his broken ankle. Most people doubted whether he would be fit enough to ride over the obstacles again this season, but this popular amateur "jock" showed that there was not much wrong with him when he won a hurdle race on Dudley at Windsor. It is now stated that he is to take the mount on Conjuror II in the Grand National. One cannot refrain from sympathising in this matter with Mr. Dewhurst, who managed to "get round" on the horse last year and never did anything wrong so far as I could see or learn. But experience is bound to tell in the Grand National, and Conjuror II has naturally become a stronger favourite than ever since it became known that Mr. Brown would be on his back. The arrangement means, I suppose, that the rider in question has given up hopes of getting round again on The Bore, favourably as that old horse has been treated by the handicapper.

"National" Prospects

Each week some new phase in the prospects for the Grand National comes up for consideration. Recent racing appears to suggest that neither Music Hall nor Gerald L. is likely to carry his big weight to victory at Aintree next month. But condition counts for so much in the case of Music Hall that we may be wrong in dismissing him so quickly from the reckoning. I was much impressed by Silvo's performance at Lingfield. True, the three-mile course over which he won there is nothing like the Liverpool country, and we are still rather in the dark as to whether Silvo can stay the full National distance. Still, he could have done no more at Lingfield than to jump irreproachably and win his race with consummate ease. Having twice scored at Liverpool, he knows all about the fences there, and has, moreover, the advantage of being an appreciably younger horse than Conjuror II or Taffytus, who at the moment looks like disputing favouritism with him.

MR. TENNANT By "The Tout"

The schoolboy amateur who has made such a brilliant début "over the sticks" this season. Mr. Tennant is only seventeen years old

Alcazar

Another horse of the same age as Silvo has lately entered prominently into Grand National calculations. I refer to Alcazar, who has lately shown his versatility by winning over three and a half miles at Nottingham, and over two miles at Lingfield. Those performances show him to be better now than ever he was before, and George Poole, his trainer, must be wondering whether he will not turn out a better National candidate than his stable companions, Shaun Spadah and Punt Gun. Evidentally the Grand National problem is going to be just as fascinating as ever. The Newbury Steeplechase on Wednesday may be won by **Forewarned**, and my selection for the Greenham Hurdle Race on the following day is **Nane Snugger**. The week-end meeting is at Kempton Park, where **Son o' Love** has a good chance in the Rendlesham Hurdle Race on Friday.

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

New Belvoir M.F.H.

Congratulations to the members of the Belvoir Hunt upon having satisfactorily solved the problem of the future Mastership of the pack. To hunt a big country like the Belvoir, with a very large and fashionable following on the Leicestershire side, is not every man's job, and the gap caused by Major T. Bouch's resignation was not an easy one to fill in adequate fashion. Fortunately, a sportsman of the necessary experience, enthusiasm, and the all-important "wherewithal" has been forthcoming in the person of Captain Marshall Roberts. The position is one of which any foxhunter might well be proud. The Belvoir has long been regarded as the premier foxhound kennel of the world. Carefully bred by a long line of famous huntsmen for the Dukes of Rutland, its hounds are still incomparable. Captain Roberts has won his spurs in the South Notts country, in which he has been a successful and popular M.F.H. during the past two seasons.

Future of the Pack

He has made the excellent arrangement of engaging Nimrod Capell as professional huntsman. At present Nimrod's position is that of first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, but he has frequently hunted the pack in Major Bouch's absence, and he enjoys the confidence and goodwill of everybody in the country. The son of a former huntsman of the pack, he is, needless to say, eager that the hounds should preserve that reputation which has belonged to them since the days of Goosey, Gillard and other redoubtable huntsmen. Thus the future would seem to be bright for the Belvoir. Until nearly twenty years ago the Mastership of the pack was always held by the reigning Duke of Rutland. Depression in agriculture and other causes brought about an inevitable change in the condition of the country, as they have done elsewhere; but sportsmen like Sir Gilbert Greenall and Major Bouch have carried on the pack in the true spirit of past traditions, and Captain Roberts can be depended upon to do the same.

At Work Again

"At last!" must have been the exclamation of relief with which Pytchley people received the news last week that the movement of hounds was again permissible in their country. It has been a dreary time of waiting. Even so, the Northamptonshire folk are luckier than their friends of Leicestershire, who are still waiting for an "all clear" signal, which has been aggravatingly postponed on account of fresh outbreaks of the dreaded cattle scourge. It was good for Pytchley people to see hounds drawing coverts like Old Poors Gorse and Holcot once more, and though there was nothing particularly dazzling about the sport last week, we may be sure that Frank Freeman and the brothers Lowther will soon be leading the field in some sparkling gallops over the grass once more.

Accomplished Equestrians

The Bronco Buster.

Spending hectic years in breaking the wild steeds of the Plains, the Western cowboy has proved himself a horseman of superb skill and nerve. Riding chiefly by balance, his extraordinary suppleness makes him ever ready for the tricky movements of his unruly mount. Whether dealing with the untamed beast in the corral, or later teaching him to obey rein and spur "on the flat," the cowboy displays all the qualities of the Bronco Buster—now a picturesque but passing generation. And the strongest of him seldom endures the breaking process for more than eight years! The cowboy is, too, a past master with the lasso, and to miss an aim is for him to sit in sackcloth.

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St. James's S.

"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. XI.—WANTED: A FEW MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

THE WORKING DOG

An Ideal Miniature.

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

THE excitements of last week's great Dog Show at Islington being now overpassed, fanciers feel they really have stepped into the 1924 season, which, by all the signs, is to be busier and more prosperous than the best of those that came before the sombre years which Dogs probably refer to, not as "The War," but as "The Rationing." Manchester's big Show comes next week, and thereafter a long string of important doggy functions.

Writing from Islington last week, a correspondent who has exhibited at Cruft's and the Palace without a break since 1894, said:

> Dogs were never finer in quality and type, and among other record-beating claims no mention has yet been made of what I believe is the most important of the lot. It's this: I have never before, in all my thirty years of showing, known such a gathering of novices and beginners—among the humans, I mean. Nothing could be healthier or more hopeful; and it's up to us old stagers to give these newcomers all the help we can. They're lucky to have such understanding Notes as yours to turn to week by week. Such help was unknown when I began.

Another correspondent, however, "a Pioneer of Alsatians," takes me severely to task for "giving no adequate report" of the Alsatian Police Dog Trials at the Crystal Palace last month. "The importance of Dogs in Police and War work, and the admitted fact that Alsatians are incomparably ahead of all other breeds, surely demanded a full report."

The accused (who appeared in the dock in a somewhat disreputable kennel coat) pleaded Not Guilty, in a firm voice. The space allowed for these Notes doesn't permit of their including "reports," either "full" or otherwise of events that are fully recorded in the daily papers. They did give due warning of the coming of the highly interesting Trials in question, and have consistently advocated the devotion of more energy and attention to the training of Dogs for this sort of work, in England; because the writer well knows that no country on earth can produce better Dogs for it.

With deference, the "incomparably ahead of all other breeds" claim is all my eye and Betty Martin. We have native English breeds which cannot be beaten; *vide* that important book, *Watch-Dogs*, by the former Commandant of the British War Dog School, Lieut.-Colonel Richardson. No *Polizeihund* in all Germany will lend himself more perfectly to training or show more capacity than our own Airedales, Sheep-Dogs and Crosses, that are British through and through, in blood, origin and temperament. Incidentally, even where Alsatians are concerned, the Continent cannot beat our own home breeding of them. But we do need more systematic concentration on training, for police work, for instance, and ought never to have washed out the War Dog School. That's one reason why I announced and welcomed those Trials at the Palace.

No people in the world excel our ain folk in the breeding and rearing of the finest Dogs, or in the love of Dogs, or the care of them. Our sporting Dogs are easily ahead of all others. But, as a people, we have not given nearly enough systematic care to the education and training of our Dogs—outside sport.

"The farmer who would grudge 7s. 6d."

And some folk will tell you that precisely the same thing holds of our educational methods in other directions—Eton and Harrow, and the rest.

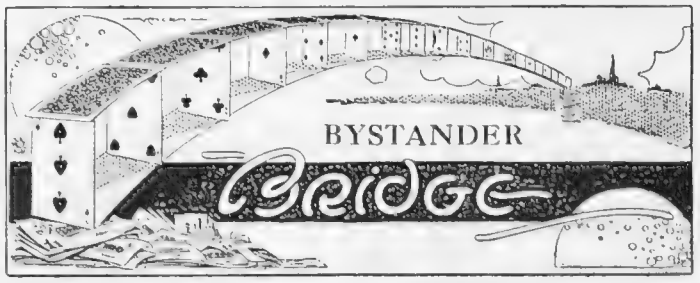
The passion for labelling everything plays the very mischief. Three parts of the hot air generated over the Hyde Park Dogs' Memorial was due to the fatuously improper use of the word "cenotaph," which, very naturally, gave much offence. A stupid piece of labelling; but the promoters had nothing to do with it. It was odd to note, by the way, that the Paris courts the other day upheld a disputed clause in a will setting aside some £4,000 (double the amount involved in the Hyde Park project) for a memorial to a single Dog. I am told that British Army animal casualties during the War totalled just on a million.

Judging from letters received, it would seem many Bystander readers are keenly appreciative lovers of Hounds, but, for one reason or another, cannot keep "big" Dogs. To all such let me commend that fascinating small sportsman, the Bassethound, Smooth and Rough. No heavier than a Bulldog height, say 14 in. at shoulder; head massive and long; ears long and fine; the Basset is in many ways a Bloodhound in miniature; and so, in appearance, you'll find nothing more intriguing. By temperament, he is a *sahib*, a sportsman, a squire; a friend who will do you credit anywhere. The Bassethound Club, founded forty years ago, ought to buck up now, and make Bassets far better known than they are.

In the matter of appeal for the exemption from taxation of farmers' Dogs other than Sheep-Dogs—ratting Terriers, guards and the like—there's something to be said on both sides.

I'm all for the man on the land, but I can't say I've a lot of use for the farmer who would grudge an annual 7*s.* 6*d.* for a Terrier who can account for many hundreds of rats in a season; aye, and if you're wise enough to give him his proper chances, many scores in a day; not to mention bunnies, you know. Again, a matter of training and education. Given his chance, a Dog on a farm can earn his annual licence every week. Why not put the same tax on cats? Animals themselves gain from taxation. It enhances the value attached to them, and the care given them.

"Is it permissible to speak to a judge in the Show Ring, when exhibiting, to give information about one's Dog?" There is no hard and fast law on the point; but it is safe to say that it is undesirable for the exhibitor to address the judge, unless for some quite exceptional reason. It's an occasion upon which "Don't speak till you're spoken to" is a sound rule. The judge may be relied on to ask plainly for any information not obtainable through his examination of your Dog.



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

RUN-AWAY HANDS

A READER in Copenhagen sends me some interesting details of Bridge variations which prevail in Denmark. It is customary to give a bonus of 500 points for Little Slam and 1,000 points for Grand Slam *if declared*. Another variation is when all players pass, a bonus of 200 points is given to the partners who win the next game. Since the publication of my book, *Auction Bridge Variations*, I have received many letters giving particulars of local customs and rules. I am not one of those who consider Auction Bridge, as at present played, incapable of improvement, but most of the new ideas seem to me a mistake, because they give increased bonuses for good cards. The ideal thing would be to reward good play rather than good cards. The man who makes a Grand Slam by skill in the play of the cards deserves his bonus, but the player who has thirteen tricks in the joint hands "sitting" is just lucky. Of course, it would be impossible in practice to discriminate and to reward merit, but I consider the present Slam bonus quite adequate.

. . . . . .

We all have experience of "run-away" cards, when one sits helplessly deal after deal. I have a record of seven successive virgin rubbers played in fourteen deals. The same players were not partners throughout, but one man won all seven rubbers. During these seven rubbers there were two Grand Slams, three "Little Slams," and, twice, nine honours in Spades and Hearts. It was pretty severe on the losers. Can any of my readers beat this record?

. . . . . .

While I was writing above paragraph there arrived, by a strange coincidence, a letter from British Columbia, wherein a correspondent sends me particulars and scores of nine remarkable rubbers played at the Union Club. The players cut for partners at the end of each rubber. The first five rubbers were won without the opponents scoring a single point above or below the line. Seven out of nine were won in similar fashion. One player won all nine rubbers.

. . . . .

Of course, it is very pleasant to hold good cards, but these "run-away" rubbers appeal rather to the gambler who is out for "blood" than to the keen Bridge player. A succession of games in which there is no fight at all is poor fun really both for the victors and the vanquished, although, as a rule, the conquerors manage to bear up wonderfully. The only thing that "gets my goat," as the Yankees say, is if a player thinks himself clever when he has won a series of rubbers by weight of cards and sheer brute force. It is a great thing to be able to win gracefully.

. . . . . .

On the principle of scoring chicane to a player who holds none of the trump suit, why not give a bonus of, say, 100 points to the side which does not score at all, either above or below the line, in the course of a rubber. The idea is really worth consideration, and is quite in accordance with the spirit of the game.

. . . . . .

The following case has been submitted to me: A deals and passes; Y bids "one no-trump"; B "two Diamonds"; Z "two no-trumps." All pass. B leads a Diamond taken by Y. Y, holding Clubs A. K. Q. J., leads Ace of Clubs. B plays *King of Clubs*.

Y says "That's funny. I hold the King of Clubs." It is then discovered that B has, in error, picked up a card from the pack on his right, and has, therefore, fourteen cards, the King being his only Club. B claims a fresh deal, which is allowed. Y would have made a Grand Slam. Was B right?

. . . . . .

All I can say is that it was very generous or very foolish of Y to allow a fresh deal. The card from the wrong pack should have been replaced and the game should have proceeded. The Laws would, indeed, be illogical if Y were punished for his opponent's mistake. It was not a case of a mis-deal, and there is no Law under which B was entitled to claim a fresh deal.

. . . . . .

A Lady Bridgite writes to me from Stevenage, Hertfordshire, urging me to get the Portland Club to recognise Contract Bridge. "There are," she says, "so many who prefer the game to Auction, and feel it is a better game but will not take it up because there is no definite score and many make their own. The Portland Club might for the sake of the public, if they do not play themselves, do this for players who are not lucky card-holders, and often give up playing on that account. It gives them an opportunity of winning, I need not add why."

. . . . . .

I agree that Contract is in many ways a better game than Auction, but I am quite sure that there is no chance of the Portland Club recognising it or formulating a code of laws for it. The game has been considered and deliberately rejected. Auction as it stands gives the expert sufficient advantage. Contract would legislate the poor bidder out of the game. Like the "Nullo" it might make Auction more attractive for the few, but must do so at the expense of the many.

MORTAL REMAINS By Oswald Cuningham

"Did he leave a will?"

"Oh, yes—she survives him"

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

St. James's Day. St. James's Day marked the beginning of the oyster season in London. On that day poor children made it a custom to build grottos of oyster shells, in the hope of inducing passers-by to throw a copper.

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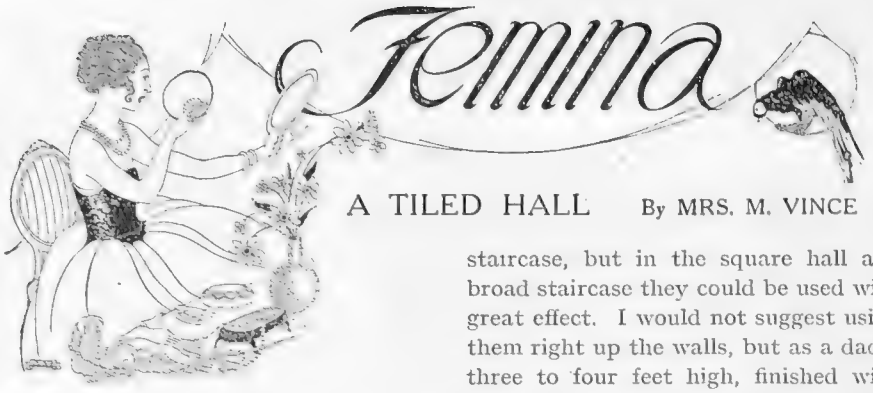


A TILED HALL

By MRS. M. VINCE

THERE is scarcely any part of a building, inside or out, on which, at one time or another, tiles have not been used—roof, wall, and floor. And they have been made of all sorts of materials, from marble and bronze to clay and wood. But what we commonly mean by tiles are thin slabs of baked clay, painted and glazed. They are a form of decoration obviously better suited for a warm than a cold climate, and while they have been used for centuries in Europe as well as in the East, in Europe they have been used principally for the floor and in the East for the walls.

NOW tiles are used much more frequently, and for a far greater number of purposes than one commonly realises, both outside and inside houses. Public-houses and cinemas seem to be specially fond of them as an outside decoration. Inside houses, one finds them in bathrooms, and kitchens, larders and sculleries, and in those parts of the house which are half inside and half out, like porches and verandahs. Though they are obviously better suited for a warm country, they have certain qualities which suit them for our climate, because of its winter rains and dark days and fogs. Their glazed surface is the easiest of all surfaces to clean, it does not hold the dirt, and it reflects the light.

ONE sees tiles used frequently in bathrooms, and sometimes in kitchens, but there is one part of the house where they might be used much more freely, and that is the hall and staircase. The practical advantages, that they are easy to clean and that they reflect the light, are almost as great in hall and staircase as in bathroom and kitchen, and the opportunities which they give for beautiful decoration are much greater. They would not be suitable for the passage-hall and narrow staircase, but in the square hall and broad staircase they could be used with great effect. I would not suggest using them right up the walls, but as a dado, three to four feet high, finished with a moulding and with the walls painted above. Some people may think that this seems too cold, but this is because we are used to seeing tiles in the big bleak passages of offices and public buildings, where tiles are used for cleanliness.

ONE can have patterned tiles in one's hall, but one has to be careful not to have much pattern, remembering that it will be carried right up the house. As a rule it would be best to have plain colours, and I do not know any tiles which would be more attractive in an English hall than the glass-tiles. They are made in beautiful plain colours, but they do not give, like the plain glazed tiles which one sees in offices, a uniform surface. They have changes of light and depth in their colouring. One of the best uses of tiles that I have seen on a staircase was in a house—not in England—which had a grey stone staircase, uncarpeted, while the rise of each stair had turquoise-blue tiles set in it.

THERE are two houses in London—once private houses, but now museums—where one can see how beautiful tiles can be when used to decorate the walls. One is Leighton House, part of which is decorated with wonderful old Eastern tiles which Lord Leighton collected on his travels in the Mediterranean. There one can see also the finest work of modern English tile-makers, for William de Morgan made the tiles for the corridor and staircase—tiles of a deep blue, powdered here and there with gold.

THE other tiled room is in Hertford House. Though it cannot compare for beauty with the Arabian Hall at Leighton House, it is, in a way, more interesting, for it gives a better idea of what can be done with tiles in an English house. This room was originally the smoking-room, and it is completely covered with tiles—floor, walls and ceiling—with flower-designs in blues and greens. There is a staircase coming down into the room from a gallery above. It is all tiled. If you think that tiles are too cold and dull for your own house, and suitable only for offices and hospitals, walk up that staircase and you will not think it again.

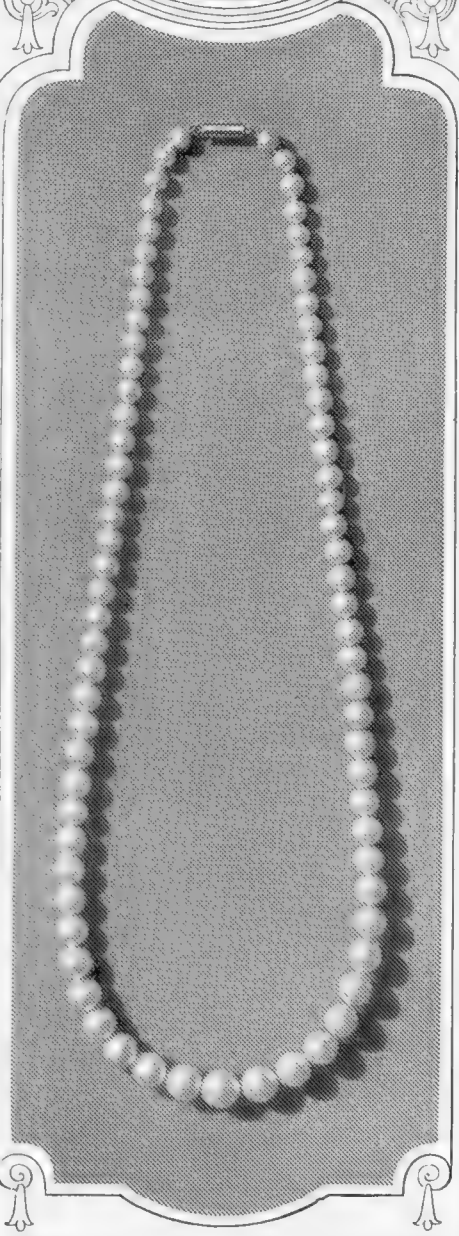
IN HER HUSBAND'S REVUE

Miss Shirley Kellogg, who was not entirely unknown to revue patrons during the War, is re-appearing in the West End this week in "The Rainbow," which Mr. Albert de Courville is reviving at the Palladium

Photograph *Phil Jones*

SOME OF THE SWISS NAVY AT NEWCASTLE

Our naval expert assures us that the aristocratic mariners seen above are wearing the official uniform of billiard-markers on the submarines of the Swiss Navy. In their leisure they are the Committee of the Newcastle Pen and Palette Club, which recently held a highly successful fancy-dress ball in the local Assembly Rooms



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BECAUSE as a purchaser of CIRO PEARLS you are absolutely safeguarded by our unique reputation and by our substantial Guarantee which is the outstanding feature of our policy to watch over the welfare of your CIRO PEARLS so long as they are being worn. Those who possess our pearls have all the advantages of our continuous CIRO PEARL SERVICE.

BECAUSE those who buy direct from us by post—and we have an enormous clientèle all over the world—are able to receive the same facilities as can be had at our showrooms. To cope with this vast business we have a well-organised postal department, specialising in all the requirements of buyers from a distance. Every question is answered in detail, the fullest advice is given freely, and every order receives the same individual attention as if it were given in our showrooms. Thus selecting CIRO PEARLS by post is a simple, satisfactory transaction.

May we send you our Pearl Booklet No. 7 post free?

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 · REGENT · STREET · W.1 · DEPT. 7

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44 CHEAPSIDE · E.C.2

25 CHURCH ST., LIVERPOOL

LB

MOTOR NOTES

THE FIELD PASSES BY

A 12-32 h.p. Darracq watching the field at a recent meet of the Hertfordshire. We trust it didn't annoy the M.F.H.

CONSIDERING that the 10 h.p. Triumph car was not put into full production until Easter last year, there are quite a large number to be seen on our roads to-day. This is one of the small cars that makes its bid for favour among motorists for its qualities—not because it is on a low-price basis. The result has been very successful, and to meet the present demand considerable additions to the works have been made in order to cope with the increase in the orders. Since the introduction of the original two or three-seater all-weather 10-20 h.p. Triumph car, two other models have been included. These are the antithesis of each other, as one is a "sports," capable of a speed of sixty miles per hour, fitted with a highly polished aluminium body; while the other model is an enclosed four-door interior drive four-seater saloon, with the light Weymann body. Thus the sporting and the sedate motoring folk are both equally catered for by the Triumph car.

* * *

BRITISH motorists cannot complain to-day that there are not many low-priced cars to choose from that will give them excellent service. For instance, for £198 they can buy a 10 h.p. four-cylinder water-cooled Ariel three-four-seater, or for £210 the same car with a further complement of fittings. For £225 there is the 11 h.p. Morris-Cowley four-seater complete and no waiting for delivery, as soon as you put your cash on the counter. For £325 there is the 10-20 h.p. Talbot and the 12 h.p. Swift, both capable of high average road speeds, the latter having discarded the rear screen in the four-seater as a standard equipment and reduced its selling price by £40 since the figures were announced at the Olympia Motor Show. And then there are the two excellent Standard models at £235 and £375 for the "eleven" and the 13.9 h.p. four-seaters respectively.

MY motor-owning friends are constantly asking me questions about the new low-pressure tyres for small cars. The chief point that puzzles them is what it will cost them to change over from their present sets. Quite recently Mr. Thomas Warwick, of the Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., sent out a circular offering to provide any owner of an Alvis, A.C., Austin, Bean, Calcott, Fiat, Humber, Rover, Standard, Talbot, Morris-Cowley or small Wolseley, a set of four tyres, including new wheels pumped up to the proper inflation (viz., 15 to 35 lbs.) for £20 1s. if steel-pressed spoke type, or £18 6s. if fitted on disc wheels; in place of the 90 mm. sections the car would be running on the low-pressure 145 mm. section tyre. If you did not find the new outfit satisfactory this firm offered to return you 75 per cent. of your money within a month, and you could return to your old tyres and wheels. This is about the same price that the other tyre firms will charge, so that, roughly, it will cost about £25 to change over to low-pressure tyres for the car's five wheels. But be careful to see that each pair (front and back) tyres are of exactly the same external diameter when duly inflated.

OLD HY.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

An Expert Opinion concerning the NEW 20 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE from the 'Manchester Guardian'

FLEXIBILITY, POWER, PACE, COMFORT, EASE OF CONTROL—THE LIGHTNESS OF THE STEERING, and the light touch required to change gears, when necessary, are points that will strike anyone who tries the wheel—all these things it has, but they are co-ordinated in such a manner as to make for that light, noiseless running and vibrationless motion which gives additional pleasure to motoring.

From the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
8th June, 1923

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED
15 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead, Piccy, London. *Telephone:* Mayfair 6040 (4 lines)

GBD

GBD NEW ERA

ALL SHAPES AND SIZES 10/6

CONFIDENCE

"CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth in an aged heart" said Pitt the Younger, one hundred and fifty years ago. For over sixty years there has been an ever growing and well deserved confidence in the product of an "aged heart"—the heart of the finest Genuine Old Briar Root.

You may be sure that your own confidence will not be misplaced in the latest member of a famous pipe family—the GBD NEW ERA at half-a-guinea.

We guarantee that the Briar (French Bruyère) is exclusively Genuine Old Briar Root. Each pipe has been subjected to our special hardening and seasoning process; it is supplied in all the best known shapes, and packed in our special 'Pochette' polisher.

These pipes can be obtained from most high-class tobacconists. We will gladly supply you with an illustrated list and the name of your nearest retailer. From friends abroad who cannot obtain our pipes locally we cordially invite enquiries and information as to the nearest importer.

Trade inquiries to:—38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2.

OPPENHEIMER'S PIPES WITH A PEDIGREE

THE "BULLDOG" The typical Englishman's pipe.

Model No. N. E. 233.

"Quality"

Overland

£295 (Ex-Works)

BRITISH-BUILT FIVE-SEATER DE-LUXE

70% of this Car is manufactured in BRITAIN and 30% in CANADA.

We have NOT yet increased the price of the Overland, but desire to warn intending buyers that they cannot buy more advantageously than at to-day's prices.

WRITE TO-DAY for Brochure "C" giving particulars of the most completely equipped Car on the market.

Magneto ignition fitted as standard.

FOR RELIABILITY, ECONOMY, COMFORT.

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London Showrooms: 151-153, Great Portland St., W.1.
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VERY OLD GIN
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The World's Favourite Liqueurs for 348 Years

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FREE

Beautiful Caskets of Fry's Delicious Chocolates

Save Fry's Labels

FRY'S GIFT OFFER—ENDING MARCH 31st, 1925

This Coupon is a Free Start

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

An exquisite, burnished aluminium casket, like beaten silver—or a handsome, red and gold casket, reproducing beautiful Japanese lacquer. Think what a delightful glove, handkerchief, or trinket box one of these caskets would make. You can have these—filled with a delicious variety of Fry's best quality chocolates—simply by saving the labels from tins of Fry's Breakfast Cocoa*. This coupon gives you a free start. For one of these charming gifts,

collect 24 labels from ¼-lb. tins—only 20 with this coupon
or 12 " " ½-lb. " " 10 " " "
or 6 " " 1-lb. " " 5 " " "

You can interchange these labels, a 1-lb. label representing 2 ½-lb. labels, or 4 ¼-lb. labels, and so on.

Begin now—to-day—to collect Fry's Breakfast Cocoa labels, during the cold season. The wrapper you tear off must show the weight printed on it. As soon as you have the full number, forward in sealed envelope with this coupon (correctly stamped) to Fry's as below; then begin collecting again for the other casket.

Fill in this form, and mark envelope "Gift Offer"—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... County .....

I would like (a) Burnished Aluminium Casket (b) Red Lacquer Casket. Cross out one of these.

To J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., 6-7, UNION STREET, BRISTOL

*The same number of labels from FRY'S CONCENTRATED COCOA can be used; or from FRY'S MALTED COCOA as below; and are proportionately interchangeable.

30 Malted Cocoa ¼-lb. labels—24 with this coupon
20 " " 9½d. " 16 " " "

SEND IN THIS COUPON with your labels.
Only one coupon can be used for each gift.

B. 20/2/24

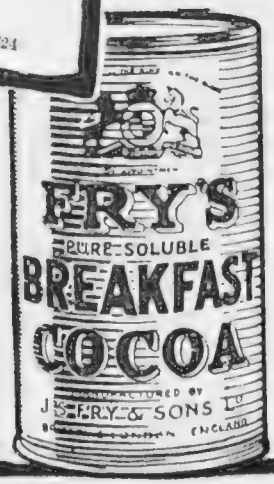
"Fry's for Good"

Fry's PURE SOLUBLE

7½d. per ¼-lb. tin.

Breakfast Cocoa

Improved beyond all other Cocoa



THE
BYSTANDER
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,055.—Vol. LXXXI. Wednesday, February 20, 1924 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 36.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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Branches: Wimbledon, 'Phone 80. Hampstead, 'Phone 2727

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In a high and healthy position.
40 MINUTES FROM CITY.

FOR SALE, AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, erected from the designs of an eminent Architect. Southern aspect: lounge hall, 2 reception, billiard, 8 beds, 2 baths.
Garage and useful outbuildings.
COMPANY'S WATER, ACETYLENE GAS, MAIN DRAINAGE, TELEPHONE.
WELL-DISPLAYED GROUNDS of about 1¾ ACRES. Tennis lawn; 18-hole putting course, kitchen garden, etc.
Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents,
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

SURREY HILLS.
500 ft. above sea.
GENUINE COUNTRY HOUSE.

TO BE SOLD, with 7 ACRES, a real old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE on a Surrey Hill Top (not among Villas): 4 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom and good offices.
COMPANY'S WATER.
Stabling and garage.
Tennis lawn with old cedar, kitchen garden and meadow.
PRICE, £4,000.
Apply,
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WILTSHIRE.
400 FT. ABOVE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, this pleasant little COUNTRY PROPERTY, comprising a comfortable House and about 4½ ACRES delightful gardens, carriage drive and lodge: hall, 18 ft. by 13 ft., 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases.
MAIN DRAINAGE. COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS.
Stabling and cottage.
HUNTING AND GOLF.
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SUSSEX.
ON GRAVEL SOIL.

AN INTERESTING AND UNIQUE SMALL PROPERTY, with AN OLD-WORLD HOUSE, with up-to-date conveniences: lounge 22 ft. by 22 ft., drawing and dining rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.).
Double garage.
ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE; MODERN DRAINAGE, COMPANY'S WATER, AND GAS.
WALLED GARDENS, with sunken lawn, Italian and rose gardens, pergola, kitchen garden, in all about 1 ACRE.
Price and further particulars from
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ON HIGH GROUND IN ONE OF SOUTH LONDON'S MOST ACCESSIBLE LOCALITIES.

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COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 3 reception and a billiard room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, ample offices, etc.
A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN of over 1¼ ACRES. Backing on to private parklands.
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Stabling. Garage. Cowhouse.
Croquet and other lawns, shrubberies, 2 kitchen gardens, paddock, etc.
COMPANY'S WATER, GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT. MAIN DRAINAGE.
FREEHOLD FOR SALE.
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Coombe Hill and Coombe Wood Golf Courses quite close.

CONVENIENT ATTRACTIVELY-DESIGNED MODERN RESIDENCE. Splendid high position, with extensive view, and overlooking Richmond Park: 6-7 bed and dressing, 3 reception, hall and cloakroom, bathroom (h. and c.), offices.

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Garage, man's room, outhouses.

CHARMING GARDENS, lawns, tennis, shrubbery, rose garden, kitchen garden, flagged walks, etc., in all about ¾ of an ACRE.

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40 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

NEAR HOOK HEATH AND OTHER GOLF LINKS.

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Healthy district, about 3 miles from the Coast and about 6 miles from the cathedral town of Chichester.

ARTISTIC AND WELL-BUILT HOUSE, convenient to station, telegraph office: dining and drawing rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, usual offices.

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Ornamental lawns, flower beds, fruit trees, bush fruit, in all about ½ an ACRE.

FREEHOLD, ONLY £1,200.

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A BARGAIN. SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE.

CHELMSFORD (NEAR).

INTERESTING OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE, MODERN CONVENIENCES.

PRICE REDUCED TO £3,150.

DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful position, within daily access of town: lounge hall, 3 reception, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOOD WATER. MODERN SANITATION.

Two cottages. Garages. Stabling and farmery.

MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS, including lawns, flower beds and borders, rockeries, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, in all about 4½ ACRES.

Full particulars of the Sole Agents,
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

BEAUTIFUL CHISLEHURST DISTRICT.

SPLENDID HOUSE. 300 FT. UP. DISTANT VIEWS. LOW PRICE £1,000.

VERY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a really delightful position, close to station, post office, shops, etc., and within ½ an hour of town: hall, 3 reception, billiard room, ballroom, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and complete offices.

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DELIGHTFULLY MATURED GROUNDS, including tennis and ornamental lawns, rock garden, etc., in all about ½ an ACRE.

Sole Agents,
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

ONLY £1,250, FREEHOLD.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS.

Pleasant situation, good views, convenient to Golf Links.

DESIRABLE COTTAGE RESIDENCE: entrance hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), cloakroom (h. and c.), offices.

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REDUCED PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

A **CHARMING CORNER RESIDENCE,** with South aspect; modernised and redecorated throughout; 7 bed rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, and compact offices; independent hot water; parquet and marble floors; ground rent only £100 p.a.; reduced price for 62 years' lease.—Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W.

IN PERFECT ORDER THROUGHOUT.

A **MODERNISED AND BEAUTIFULLY FITTED** RESIDENCE; 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms and compact offices; lease 28 years; low ground rent.—Apply, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS as above.

PRICE £6,000

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NEWLY DECORATED AND FITTED RESIDENCE, in the best position of this important Square; suitable for entertaining on a moderate scale; long lease, at low ground rent, for SALE; splendid garage included.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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A **WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE** in a favourite position: 8 bed, 2 bath, 5 reception rooms and good offices; independent hot water; service lift; direct lease 63 years; ground rent £100 p.a.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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NON-BASEMENT AND SEMI-DETACHED MODERN LABOUR-SAVING HOUSES now being erected; good gardens front and rear; private garage to each Residence; central heating; constant hot water; leases, 80 years; nominal ground rents; REASONABLE PRICES to include completion; plans available.—For full particulars apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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MONTAGUE PLACE, W.1.—A COMPACT and WELL-APPOINTED medium-sized RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms and excellent offices; lease 35 years; low ground rent.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS as above.

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A FEW DOORS FROM PARK GATES.

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PRICE £3,750

UNFURNISHED TOWN FLATS AND MAISONNETTES.

	Bed.	Bath.	Reception.	Lease.	Rent.	Premium.	Remarks.
Mount Street, W.1	2	1	2	14	318	£650	New Flat. Lift.
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Ditto	4	1	2	7-14	140	450	,,
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Particulars of these and other excellent Flats on application.

Carefully Selected Lists of FURNISHED TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS situate in the best Positions and available for Winter or longer periods at moderate rentals will be forwarded on receipt of instructions.

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(Opposite Holy Trinity Church)

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A **MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN DETACHED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,** standing in a charming, well-laid-out garden, delightfully situated amongst pine trees and close to the 18-hole Queen's Park Golf Course: 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and usual offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER

Brick-built garage.

Convenient for trams and shops.

PRICE £2,250, FREEHOLD.

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BROADSTONE, DORSET.

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE FACING THE RENOWNED GOLF LINKS and standing in beautifully laid-out grounds of about 2 ACRES.

The Property is approached by a carriage sweep, bordered with flowering shrubs. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, boxroom and good domestic offices.

Full-size tennis court.

PRICE £4,000.

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Overlooking the beautiful Brownsea Island.

EXCELLENTLY CONSTRUCTED AND WELL-ARRANGED PRE-WAR BUILT GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE, situate in a charming position convenient for trams to Bournemouth (15 minutes by motor-car): entrance porch, lounge hall (with fireplace), 2 excellent reception rooms, bathroom (with tiled walls, beautifully appointed), 6 bed and dressing rooms, boxroom, kitchen, scullery and good offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, COMPANY'S WATER, CENTRAL HEATING, TELEPHONE,

and every modern convenience.

WELL-LAID-OUT GROUNDS of 1 ACRE.

The Residence is in a perfect state of structural and decorative repair, and has been inspected and is personally recommended by the Agents.

PRICE: £2,800, FREEHOLD, WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Apply:
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PRE-WAR BUILT DETACHED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, convenient for the 18-hole Queen's Park Golf links, trams and shops. The accommodation comprises: hall, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 4 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and usual offices.

GOOD GARDEN with fruit trees.

PRICE: £1,700, FREEHOLD.

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A **REALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE,** situate near Sea and within easy reach of Bournemouth. The well-planned accommodation consists of: large lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and excellent offices.

The Residence stands in grounds of about 1 ACRE with tennis lawn and garage.

PRICE, £2,600, FREEHOLD.

VACANT POSSESSION.

Apply to the Agents:
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PRETTY DETACHED RESIDENCE NEAR SEA, standing in a good compact garden with room for garage if required. The accommodation consists of: 2 reception rooms, bathroom, 4 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND COMPANY'S WATER.

Well-built and in excellent condition.

PRICE: £1,550, FREEHOLD

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Messrs. J. T. CURTIS, SON & SINCLAIR will be pleased to forward selected lists of available Properties to be sold at all prices in any part of the BOURNEMOUTH district, and map of BOURNEMOUTH to applicants on receipt of instructions. Also of furnished Houses, furnished and unfurnished Flats, Hotels and Boarding House businesses for disposal, etc.

AUCTION SALES OF PROPERTY, FURNITURE AND EFFECTS, ETC., conducted in any part of the country. Fees on application.

TO BE SOLD, FREEHOLD.

A **CHARMING COTTAGE** beautifully situated among the Pine Trees on the high ground at WALTON-ON-THAMES. The owner is abroad and desirous of selling. Freehold. With Motor Garage. Company's Water. Main Drainage. 35 minutes from Town. £4,000. Apply: HUNTERS, Solicitors, 9, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

WEST-END SUBURB.—Fine investment, newly erected property on 70 years' lease, showing nett income of £2,375. Price £23,000. Purchaser need only find £13,000. £10,000 mortgage already effected. Apply Box M, c/o BYSTANDER, Graphic Bldgs., Whitefriars, E.C.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY.

Near famous St. George's Hill Golf Links and Tennis Club.

AN EXPENSIVELY EQUIPPED AND DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE in ideal Woodland surroundings. Freehold. 7 bedrooms; dressing room, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, loggia, excellent offices with every convenience. Central heating; brick and tiled garage; greenhouse; company's water; electric light; main drainage; telephones; newly-built charming bungalow (for gardener or chauffeur). Over 2 acres beautifully timbered, tastefully laid out and shrubbed pleasure grounds, orchards and kitchen gardens. Station about 1 mile. Excellent train service. Early possession if desired. Particulars from HAMPTON and SONS, LTD., 20, St James' Square, S.W.1; HARRODS, LTD., Brompton Road, S.W.1, or EWBANK & Co., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.1 (and at Weybridge).

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD.

Reduced Prices. Family tins, 11½d. Packets, 9½d Small Packets, 4d., 1½d., 1d.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.

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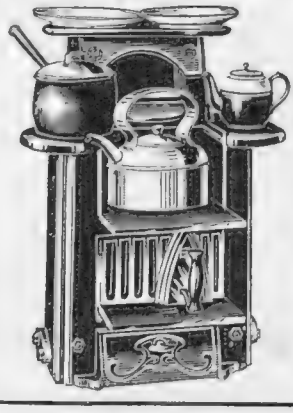

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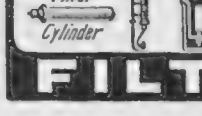

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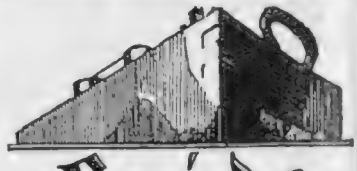

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THE special charm and simplicity of Gooch clothing for the young girl are well shown in these inexpensive models.

Nowhere in Town do you find such practical understanding of youthful needs as at Goochs. Years of specialization have made Goochs the leading authority on "everything for the boy and girl."

Order by Post if unable to call. Accounts are opened on receipt of the usual trade references.

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'BIARRITZ'

Nothing could be more delightful for Spring than this charming new suit of soft marl mixture wool fascinatingly trimmed with a broad band of Jacquard design. Expressed in the following colours: Black/White, White/Black, Tan/Brown, Champagne/Nigger, Rust/Tan, Fawn/Rust or Silver/Navy, also Green/Champagne.

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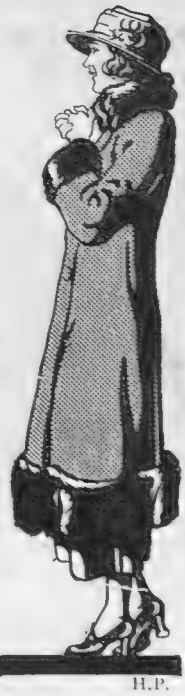

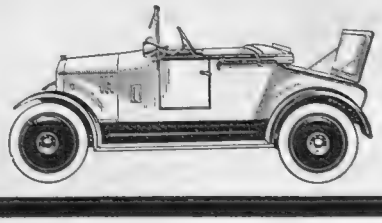

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To look charming is to make the most of one's natural attractions and to aid nature to make the complexion more perfect in tone and texture.

This is the object of *Pond's Cold Cream*. It beautifies simply by cleansing the pores and ridding them of the dust accumulations of the day. At night, when the skin is tired, is the best time to massage this delightful cold cream into the face. Wipe off surplus with a soft towel and you will be surprised at the amount of grime that has come out of the pores. Yet it is while you sleep that *Pond's Cold Cream* makes the complexion so unspeakably fascinating to eye and touch. It soothes, freshens and beautifies.

Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps "that youthful look" throughout the most fatiguing day. It requires no massage and just a touch with the finger tips suffices. A tube should always find a place in "my Lady's handbag."

FREE SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both creams obtainable from all chemists and stores in opal jars at **1/3** *and* **2/6**, *and in collapsible tubes at* **7½d.** (*hand-bag size*) *and* **1/-**

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Famous for 78 years.

71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

A TRAVELLING DRESS

A practical Molyneux model from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street. Of a soft woollen heather mixture it is arranged with a pleated skirt mounted on a deep yoke top with an upturned fold. A straight short-sleeve jumper and a cape with arm slits, the fronts thrown back by a corded facing, complete the costume

Sketched by "Beta"

The First Spring Arrival of Models

THERE will, one surmises, be the usual little season between now and Easter. Anyway, preparations are being made with that in view, and for day wear there appears to be a gentle rivalry for first place between repp cloth and wool marocain.

At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., where the best models are always to be found early, a significant display is being made of simple jumper suits for young girls; these are uniform in style, and consist of a flat pleated skirt and straight unbelted jumper, but in a range of colours, with the jumpers frequently lined in figured *foulard* that is repeated in a soft, artistic bow tie. There is sufficient variety to satisfy the most exigeant young thing with shingled hair and the flat boyish figure so popular at the moment. Repp cloth is responsible for several attractive coats and skirts to be seen in these *salons*. A notable example thereof is in cinnamon brown, the skirt an easy, free wrap-over, surmounted by a hip length coat trimmed with kilted frills of the same, a most novel innovation.

Then, in view of the present and future Easter exodus, much emphasis is being laid on travelling costumes. The Molyneux model illustrated is a case in point; of a soft woollen heather mixture, this is arranged with a pleated skirt mounted on to a deep yoke top, with an upturned fold, slightly reminiscent of the old-time fishwife jupe. With this there is worn a short, straight, short-sleeve jumper, and a cape of practical length and circumference, the latter having slits for the hands to pass through, the fronts thrown back by a corded facing. The whole is ideally serviceable for travelling the cape supplying warmth when required, and the jumper coolness for over-heated trains. And every week from now on the model display at Debenham and Freebody's will be added to.

That Baffling Simplicity

THE unobservant might easily pass the perfectly turned-out *élégante* just now, sublimely unconscious of the fact that she represents not merely money, but the essence of fine taste. Everything about her is so superlatively good; the material of her frock, coat and skirt, or severe black cloth wrap, whichever she may be wearing; her small unobtrusive hat; her stockings of real superfine rose beige silk; her black shoes, cut on quasi-sandal lines, gloves, hand-bag, pearls, jewelled bar brooch, one and all are of the very best; not to mention her skin and complexion, and beautifully manicured hands.

The smart woman of the moment is the most finished product ever conceived, and the last thing she asks for is to be obvious or quickly arresting; but once you have grasped all the detail, finish and polish of her, you simply stand amazed before the subtlety of it all; the care and thought and time expended is stupendous.

Frocks that are Walked Into

IT is impossible to realise that many of the frocks now to be seen are walked into and secured by one or, at the most, two easy fastenings, for there is no indication in the appearance of these so-called coat-frocks when they are donned. At least, that is the case with some exceedingly charming models at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

Sketched by our artist is one of beaver-coloured repp cloth, the back perfectly straight from neck to hem like a coat, the front having a pleated apron movement adjusted at a low line, above which come four cute little slit pockets. A touch of white *piqué* introduced into the narrow front opening and again on the sleeves, imparts a note of seasonable relief. At 8½ guineas, this model is obtainable in a long range of colours. Ornamented with narrow, flat flounces is another example at the same price, with cross-over fronts and long lapel collar of kilted champagne georgette, while a navy blue repp is cut straight, back and front, the latter visibly buttoned all the way down the left-hand side.

Rather different in character, but quite as desirable, and as easy and simple to slip on, is a pale fawn wool marocain, the long, straight bodice embroidered in an all-over design with brown silk. To this there is attached a skirt slightly gathered at the sides, and opening in front over a slip of fawn satin. The back, as always, is flat and in the case of all these models the skirts are decidedly shorter.

Egyptian Pink

THIS is one of the leading *nuances* of the season. It is a sand shade with a dash of pink in it, like the rose beige

A COAT-FROCK OF THE MOMENT

An attractive frock of repp cloth with a perfectly straight back from neck to hem, the front having a low-line pleated apron movement, above which are four slit pockets. A note of relief is struck by a touch of white *piqué* in the narrow front opening and the sleeves. This model, by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, is priced at 8½ guineas

Sketched by "Beta"

stockings. For over-blouses and jumpers in crepe de Chine, and those neat, demure little shirt blouses of georgette, the fronts finely tucked in groups, completed by a falling collar of Peter Pan *genre*, Egyptian pink is one of the most alluring colours imaginable.

At present it is expensive, and only to be found in the best quality silk materials, which is doubtless largely responsible for the delicacy of the tone, for it is very subtle, far more so than the recent begonia pink.

The Next Best Thing

IF you cannot by any possible means get to the Riviera, the next best thing, if you are blessed with any sort of an imagination, is to stroll down Bond Street, visit the shops where they specialise in those lovely sheer linen frocks and delicately coloured jumpers and blouses, and picture yourself wearing them on the Côte d'Azur. They are an oasis, I assure you, in a desert of gloom and dullness. For that Town is rather empty and dull, just now, there is no getting away from, and such lovely ephemeral clothes almost make us believe we see the sun. It is to be especially noted how many of these simple, but, alas, costly little frocks, boast the long, square or oval shaped front, filled in by a *guimpe* of fine pleated white muslin, some finishing in a hard line across the front, others having a small circular collar. The ground of the majority of these sheer linens is white, patterned over in that new rather strong blue, or a similarly full tone of pink—colours, by the way, not in the least crude, and, on the other hand, not insipid. There is, too, a brown, something between a cinnamon and Havana and a *café au lait*, both very distinctive, the patterns in any case being bold and consequently exacting very simple styles; a wide sash frequently occurring is tied in an important bow at the one side.

AN ORDER OF MERIT

The silver medal which was awarded, with a diploma, to Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Ltd., by the little republic of San Marino at their International Exhibition last year. This is probably the first award made to a British firm by the smallest State in Europe

Eyes on the Riviera

MEANWHILE from that safe fount of dress, the Riviera, comes news of the tunic being favoured, a longish one arranged on jumper lines. It is not correct apparently to have these belted, the sides being drawn in by narrow sash ends of the same material. These dresses look particularly well in navy kasha, with discreet touches of oriental embroidery. A new and much finer duvetyn is likewise being requisitioned to a like cause, and as usual a considerable amount of white has gone to the Côte d'Azur.

Evening dresses display various forms of fullness in side godets, circular fronts and draperies that resolve into side trains. *Tulle*, it is to be observed, is struggling to come to the front again, and there is every chance of its succeeding. I like the suggestion of a flounced frock, quite long to the ground, in prismatic shades of green, blue, and pink over silver tissue, and another of flamingo pink over the same metal material, veiled gold *tulle*. The colouring of a drake's neck is lovely, achieved through the medium of two shades of green and *clair de lune* blue *tulle*. Such dresses have necessarily to be *bouffant* or anyway full. It is impossible to drape *tulle*.

Obsession for Scarves

NOT the nice, fat woolly ones, like the worms the little boy went into the garden to eat, but light, not

(Continued on page x)

The ruling spirit to-day —is "M.L."

(Mackinlay's Liqueur) . . . . make no mistake. "M.L." has a "Highland Flavour" about it that gives it the lead over all others. It is called *Liqueur* because it *is* a Liqueur Whisky. Age and Highland Flavour make Liqueur, nothing else will. *Taste it!*

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SCOTCH WHISKY
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Of all Tobacconists and Stores.

1-oz. Packet - 1/3½
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CUT PLUG

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The "Shingle" without Shingling!

ADMIRATION for the distinguished character of the "shingled" coiffure need no longer be mingled with regret at the necessity of cutting away the hair.

"Eugène" are specialists in shingling—but they have, with the assistance of their Improved Method of Permanent Waving, also devised means of achieving the "shingled" effect without actually sacrificing the hair. The striking success of this latest triumph of "Eugène" is well revealed in the illustration.

The decision to shingle the hair is one that should be left to an expert—one capable of visualising the finished result beforehand. Our Consulting Expert will be glad to advise on this question, by appointment, without any obligation.

"Eugène" guarantee successful results in every case they undertake.

EUGÈNE *Ltd.,*

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This exquisite lotion is prepared exclusively by us for the purpose of setting a deep and becoming wave in the hair after shampooing. It burnishes and gives new life to the hair. Photographic instructions on how to set the hair free with each bottle.

Prices 5/6 and 9/6.

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

very wide, dainty things of crepe de Chine, satin and georgette, variously trimmed with bands or curious little fluffy tufts of fur or marabout. Or, again, the ends are stitched with *ciré* ribbon or graduated rows of velvet, while others have embroidery and fringe. Some, mostly black, are lined with a vivid colour, the latter repeated in velvet *appliqués* on the outside at the ends. Needless to add, these scarves are very *chic*, and even more so when a little hat is arranged to match, the two giving that effective splash of colour relief to the simple and often sombre-hued dark gowns we are pleased to affect. That we shall see a great deal of these scarves in the near future is a foregone conclusion, and they will be a positive boon for completing the sleeveless summer frocks *La Mode* is said to have in store for us.

A New Jelly

Tangerines—or, to give them their proper South African designation, *naartjes*—have established themselves as very firm favourites among the many sorts of Cape fruit that find their way to the Home market. "Eat more fruit" is, of course, a popular slogan these days. One might add "and if you can't, get jelly." So for those who like *naartjes*, it will be of interest to note that Messrs. H. J. Green and Co., the well-known Brighton manufacturers, have recently placed an excellent Tangerine Jelly on the market, which is obtainable from all high-class grocers and stores in the Kingdom. There are, of course, many kinds of Green's Jellies—but only one quality. Besides the tangerine flavour, there are strawberry, raspberry, orange, lemon, black-currant, pineapple, and vanilla—a veritable *embarras de choix*.

History from Day to Day

An ingenious and at the same time useful method of reminding us of historical facts is to be found in the latest gift which Messrs. Charles Heidsieck, the champagne people, have recently issued to their friends. It is a neat standing calendar, each month being illustrated by an artistic picture of some little piece of English history, with particular reference to French associations. I rather like the irony of the remark for the month of March. The picture is that of a fierce-looking blonde gentleman, who, the underline tells us, is one of the tribe of Saxon-Germans who "invited to repulse marauding hordes after the Romans withdrew from the West, *remained*." The obvious answer is "They *would*." But we try to live it down—sometimes.

THE UNITED SERVICES CUP

Won by Mr. H. Liddell's "Winnall" at the Newbury Steeplechases last month. It is of sterling silver, in a handsome design of classical severity. The Cup was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street

West-End Changes

The West-End branch of Deacon's Bank has apparently outgrown the old premises at No. 2, Cockspur Street, for I hear that they have purchased the imposing block of buildings at the corner of Pall Mall and Waterloo Place, from Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. The deal was conducted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons for the purchasers, and Messrs. St. Quintin, Son, and Stanley for the vendors.

Solving the Housing Problem

Bournville is the name of a booklet which Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., have published. It is a most interesting account of a private firm's successful solution of its own housing problem. In its pages will be found a description of Bournville and its daughter villages (such as Wesley Hill) which shows that it *is* possible to remedy the old slum conditions and the drab monotony of artisan dwellings. Cottages, with rents ranging from 6*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*, exclusive of rates, are well built; each house has a sufficiency of rooms, a garden and a bath; and there are parks and recreation grounds for all. Last year, a notable addition was made with the opening of St. George's Court, a residential club for women, where little self-contained flats are obtainable for 25*s.* a week upwards.

Vickery's for Gifts

and all Travel and Motoring Requisites.

Vickery's Very Popular Diamond and Platinum Arrows for Corsage or Hat, **£4 18 6, £7 5 0, £11 18 6, £16 10 0** Do., all Brilliants, **£18 18 0, £32 10 0 £42 10 0.**

Send for beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Specialities.

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QUALITY counts in Hair Brushes as in other things. The quality of your Hair Brush is of the utmost importance to you for it will make or mar the priceless possession of every woman—

A Beautiful Head of Hair.

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Look for the name on the Handle

for substitutes are often pressed upon you. Made in four grades:—"Junior," without Cleaner, 7/6, with Cleaner 8/6; "Popular" at 10/6; "Standard" at 15/-; "Extra" at 18/6 (Cleaner included with each of these), in a Carton with full instructions. Also in "Military" at 10/6, 15/- and 18/6 each.

Of Boots', Harrods', Barkers', Selfridges, Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, and all high-class Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists or direct (post free) from:—

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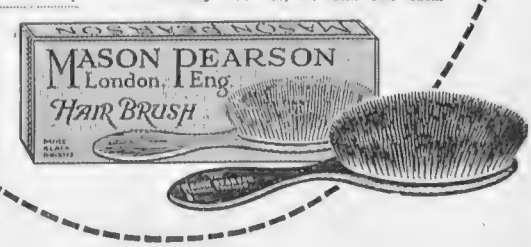

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Yours faithfully,
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NIGHTDRESS in pure silk crepe de Chine, entirely hand-made by our own workers, square neck, with new shaped sleeves, finished with folds of hand veining. In Pink, Ivory, Sky, Mauve, Yellow, Ochre and Coral.

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Chemise to match, **25/9**
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In thoroughly reliable pure silk washing satin. In Pink, Sky, Ivory, Mauve, Yellow, Hyacinth, Green, Ochre.

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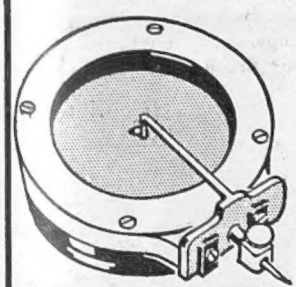

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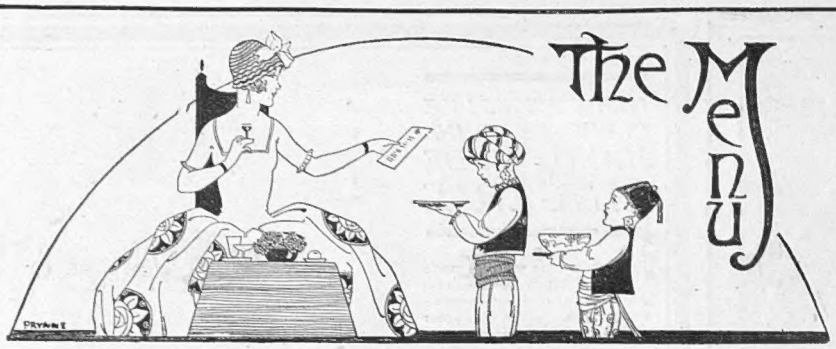

SALADS

BEETROOT AND CELERY SALAD
SEAKALE SALAD
CHICKEN SALAD
RUSSIAN FISH SALAD
A POTATO SALAD
NUT SALAD

Beetroot and Celery Salad

TAKE the hearts from two heads of celery, cut them into small cubes, and place them in the centre of the salad-bowl. Cut into ornamental pieces some boiled beetroot, and place it round the celery. Mix in a basin the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, two dessertspoonfuls of olive oil, two dessertspoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and one dessertspoonful of French vinegar. Stir thoroughly, and beat it up together and pour it over the celery and beetroot. By way of decoration, cut up very small a tablespoonful of the green tops of the celery, and sprinkle them over the salad.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold cooked white fish, arrange it in a salad-bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine and chopped egg, also some chopped gherkin and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced potato, and pour mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkin and capers.

Seakale Salad

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared ready, and put in a bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot is a tasty addition. This makes a delicious salad.

A Potato Salad

Cut some cooked potatoes in neat slices, also some boiled roots of celeriac and beetroot. In the middle of the salad-bowl make a heap of endive, two blanched celery stalks, frizzed, in short lengths. Surround with the sliced vegetables. Pour over the whole a good mayonnaise sauce.

Chicken Salad

Cut up a cold chicken into small pieces, dividing the joints neatly, and put into an entrée-dish or a bowl, season with salt and pepper, pour over a sauce made with oil and vinegar, some stoned olives and a few capers, and put this dish aside for an hour. Wash and drain two French lettuces and some celery, and place it in alternate layers with the chicken, in the shape of a pyramid; mask with stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg, and serve. N.B.—Chicken breasts sold in bottles could be used for this purpose very advantageously.

Nut Salad

This is made of Brazil nuts broken into pieces, shred celery, and tiny dice of bread and butter. This salad is equally good, if dressed with cream or with mayonnaise sauce.

Mayonnaise Sauce

Put into a bowl the yolks of two fresh eggs, a little salt, and white pepper, one level teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and one of Worcestershire Sauce. Mix these thoroughly with a whisk, and then add sufficient oil to make the quantity of sauce required, adding it by a few drops at a time at first, and then by spoonfuls; if the sauce is too thick, add a little more vinegar.

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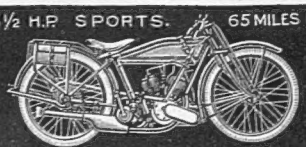
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